# NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

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THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

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AGENTS.

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Montpelier, (Vt.)—George Walton.
Hanover—Charles P. Butler.


## PRIZE POEM.

### ODE TO SILENCE.

I.

Offspring of Death and Darkness, Silence, hail!
Thou very breath and element of thought!
With firmest, boldest wing may Fancy sail
Through sky pure atmosphere, and meet with naught
To stay its swiftness or its vigor, caught
Into the all-perfect mind of Deity:—
Then are the chains and fetters half forgot
Which check the Soul's uprivings, for with Thee
She roves unbounded Space, and dreams that she is free.

II.

Ere rose Creation from th' Almighty's hand
Thy dwelling was Immensity.—Vast Night
And Thou held Space beneath your stern command
Till broke the morn of Time, splendid and bright
With countless Suns and Systems:—at that light
Ye fled;—for then 'the morning stars' began
To sing,—then shouted from their airy height
The 'Sons of God,'—and then the wond'rous plan,
Starting its ceaseless maze, to its own music ran.—

III.

Though thou curtailed thy power, o'erarmed thy throne,
And fiercely rent thy regal robe in twain,
On Earth full many a home is still thine own,
Where, with diminished realm, thou may'st maintain
Some partial shadow of thy former reign;
Still throw thy solemn influence around
On mountain, valley, forest, rock and plain,
Or o'er at times on city, camp and mound,
And Ocean's mirror'd breast, clear, moveless and profound.

IV.

Yet, solitary one, thou wilt abide
No witness and no partner of thy song;
The leaf that rustles in the eventide—
The insect's hum—the warbling songster's lay—
The falling footstep—e'en the pulse's play
And the low breath of sleep disturb thy reign;
But chiefly man affrights thee far away
From thy loved haunts, with eager quest of gain—
Or voice of toil and war, or pleasure false and vain.

V.

Yet oft alone upon some mountain's brow
Thou wak'st thy hermit seat, removed afar
From all the noises of the world below,
The tramp of armies and the din of war,
Or passing shout which greets the conqueror's car:—
There from thy height thou lookest calmly down,
Smiling in solemn mockery at the jar
Of those who tread the pathway of renown,
Seeking with eagerness a bubble or a crown.

VI.

Oft do the hoary Alps outspread for thee
The glittering throne of their eternal snows;
Oft on the lofty peaks of Himmalch
Thou wak'st thy rest, and on the wintry brows
Of giant Andes oft is thy repose;—
Unbroke, save when the thunder rolls beneath,
Or tempest raves, or fierce volcano glows,
Or (loosened by some passing echo's breath)
The avalanche descends, wild messenger of death!

VII.

And oft thou lov'st thy dwelling place to be
In some deep dell, where rocks and trees are piled
Alot on either hand confusedly,—
In amphitheatre sublime and wild,
Never, perchance, by human foot defiled,
Nor startled by a sound; save when on high
The Eagle screams in passing, or, exiled
Far from his herd, the wild-goat's bleating cry
Sounds from some airy crag, and echo gives reply.

VIII.

And oft amid the forest's tangled glades,
It pleaseth thee to wander all alone,
Till 'neath some gnarled oak or willow's shade
Whose roots with flowers and moss are overgrown,
Thou find'st a dwelling to the world unknown;—
Yet insecure thy rest;—amid the boughs
Which bend above, at times, the hollow moan
Of the South wind sighs heavily, and throws
The rustling leaves to Earth, marring thy sweet repose.

IX.

And oft thou dost enjoy a partial reign
Where the broad carpet of eternal sand
Is stretched across Arabia's arid plain:—
Deep is the stillness of that barren land
Seldom by springs refreshed or breezes fanned,
Or by aught living trodden willingly;—
Then'rt there alone with death linked hand in hand,
Save when the red Sirocco raves on high,
Or the long Caravan toils slowly, sadly by.

X.

And o'er those steppish waves, where once the flocks
Grazed round the sinful cities of the plain,
Or their surrounding soil, their blackened rocks
(Stamped with the curse of Heaven, like early Cain)
Then hold'st, with undisputed right, thy reign;
Thou and and gloomy realm is all thine own,
And thou its mournful tenant most remain;
For those (accursed spot!) all life hath flown
And left the broken scene, Silence, to thee alone.

XI.

And often may the prostrate wrecks which heap
Earth's sterile plains thy mighty sway confess:—
The mute Echoes round Palmyra sleep,
And Babel hears no murmur.—Tremendous
And dumb is Babylon, who once could press
Millions within her walls, and voiceless too
Is Nineveh the mighty.—Loneliness
And Thou art on their ruins,—for but few
And low the sounds which there thy peaceful reign pursue.

XII.

And who shall say that Egypt's land forbids
To thee a refuge?—Her deep Catacombs,
Mute dwellings of the dead—her Pyramids,
Those homes of dust and of eternal gloams
Where winding depths no day-beam o'er illumes;—
These are thy forts, thy palaces of pride;—
The dust of Kings surrounds thee, but the tombs,
Where they their might and glory throw aside,
Behold thy every conference, thy kingdom fortified.

XIII.

But not to ruined cities, nor the lone
Dark homes of Death art thou confined.—When heaven
The slumb'rous midnight, man thy presence own
E'en in the peopled capital,—the towers
When war sends swaying with all his fiery showers,—
And in the camp where mailed thousands sleep
—The sentinel's fitful heart—the pacing hours
Tolled slowly on the bell—and round the camp,
The weary's tread, alone, disturb thy night deep.

XIV.

But 'tis on Ocean, fickle though it be,
That thy predominant presence is confessed;
When, like a polished mirror, sleeps the sea,
Reflecting all the glories of the West
Where Science in her brightest robes is dressed:—
When storm a heaving bubble ripples o'er
The silvery surface of its placid breast,—
Then, Silence, then is thy unrivalled hour,
And Ocean's vast domain lies subject to thy power.

XV.

But vain would be the task through all thy haunts
To trace thee, fugitive! for then dost fly
The step that follows thee.—E'en Fancy wants
A wing whose swiftness with thine own may vie.—
Trembler! the very voice of minstrelsy
That would address thee interrupts thy stay;
The Lyre unstiffeness that were then! Why
Still should thy lover urge the importune lay,
Nor bid it in Thyself forgotten die away?

## ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

### OLIVE PORTER.

It was on a cold afternoon in the last of November, that the northern stage-coach stopped at Concord, to change horses before the last sixteen miles should set the passengers down at the metropolis of New England. A young man about five and twenty years old, stood in the piazza of the hotel, attending to the transplanting of his baggage, and occasionally glancing at the door which opened into the public sitting room. He was well wrapped in a Petersham coat, with a fur collar standing up about his cheeks and concealing what might be a handsome match to a pair of black eyes.

When he had satisfied himself that his brass-mounted trunk and valise were safely stowed away, he stepped quietly into the carriage, and seated himself in the corner of the front seat.

'Stage ready!' called the driver.

Four men answered the call: of whom nothing in particular could be said: and then a solitary female appeared on the steps. The young gentleman cast a practised glance over her person, put his fur cap lower and more firmly over his ears, and sat back, if possible, farther into the corner.

'Is my trunk on?' asked the female.

'Yes'm—expect 'tis—what kind of a one is it?'

'It is a blue one.'

That are blue box there—aint it?—yes'm; that's safe enough:—and that are bundle—that's your's, too—safe enough marm,' answered the driver kindly, as he assisted her into the carriage.

For the first half hour not a word was said in the coach. Each of the four men looked at the one female, and tried to make out her features through the green veil, that depended from her slate-colored hood—but in vain. The youth in the corner, closed his eyes, and no sound was heard, but the rattling of the wheels over the smooth road. At length the silence was broken. The horses were running away with them. The four men looked out at the windows, and shouted to the driver. The youth in the corner looked at the female in the other corner, partly from a natural apprehension for her safety, and partly to wonder she did not scream. She was quite still; until the slackening speed of the horses gave token that they were once more under the controlling influence of the driver. Then she drew the green veil suddenly from her face, and leaned forward to the window for air.

'You are faint! allow me—' said the youth hastily—and taking a phial of salts from his pocket, he leaned over to support her, at the same time kicking the two men on the middle seat. 'You were frightened!'

'A little,' replied the girl, with a smile of thanks, as she returned the salts—'but I am quite recovered now.' And once more the green veil was drawn over her face, a crimson tide testifying that she was no longer faint.

The four men began to talk of manufactures, and to say they wished the Irish were all out of the country, till the stage stopped to water the horses. When they got out, the youth in the corner took the back seat, vacated by the man who most fervently detested 'federalism.' He did not speak however, until they all re-entered, and the rattling wheels once more encouraged conversation at the top of the voice. He was occupied in scanning minutely the outer apparel of his companion, and in trying to detect some incipient gentility in the dress, to correspond with the well-bred accents of her voice. Her form was concealed in a Tartan plaid cloak, and a red and white bandanna handkerchief was bound about her neck. The longer he looked and pondered, the more he was puzzled. At length determined to ascertain in three sentences, who she was, whence she came, and whither she was going; he asked,

'Have you been riding all day?'

'Yes sir.'

'From the north, I presume?'

'Yes sir.'

'Hem!—'

'Do you stop in Boston?'

'Yes sir.'

'What part of Boston—hem!—hem!'

'Do you mean what street?'

'Yes—the driver generally asks—and you seem to have no one with you—'

'You are very obliging sir—but the driver has been told where to leave me.'

The young man bit his lips and was silent for the space of five minutes. Then he said—

'Are you accustomed to Boston? have you been there often?'

'No sir,' answered she. And the gentleman bit his lip again.'

'Because'—he resumed, hesitating, 'if you are not—those drivers—' and he paused.

The girl drew her veil away from her face again, and fixed her eyes for a moment, upon the young man with an expression of terror—and then smiling, she said—

'You half frightened me at first. But I—I know there is no danger.'

'Not the least—not the least!' answered the gentleman, with great kindness of manner, for he saw she was really alarmed. He was tolerably certain, too, that she was an entire stranger to Boston, and that she was going out to service there. And pleased with his own penetration, his good humor returned.

The driver put his head into the window to find out where he should leave all the passengers.

The four men said they would get out at the stage office. The black eyed young man said he would be set down after the young women had been taken to her destination. And the driver shut the door.

It was quite dark, when the coach drove up to a handsome house in —— street. But the house itself was lighted and bore an aspect of gaiety and fashion. The young woman sprang out, and bidding the military occupant of the stage 'good-bye'—ran up the steps.

'She doesn't know enough to go in at the back door—true country independence,' said the young man to himself, as the servant serving man appeared at the door, and submitted the blue trunk and bundle. The door was closed, the driver cracked his whip, and the weary animals set off again.

'I say—driver—where did that girl come from?'

'Can't say—I only drive between here and Groton.'

* * *

The young woman who had thus disappeared from the view of the world without, as center found herself, uncovered in the large circular hall to which she was introduced, thus her heart, which till then had been tolerably calm, began to beat tumultuously.

'Mr Mrs Grayson at home?' said she timidly.

'Yes—she is—do you want to see her?' responded the man.

'But I'd be thinking you'll not see her to-night, may be you'll call again tomorrow—or why, be you'll write upon the pasteboard? that'll do down easier;' continued he, recurring to his first impressions, by the benighted look of his visitant.

'No—I want to see Mrs Grayson,' sighingly followed the new comer.

'Yes marm—I will enquire if she sees company—what name shall I tell her?'

'Olive Porter,' replied the girl. She followed the figure of the man as it wound up the staircase.

'Where can he be going to? But I remember—they told the parlor in Boston was up stairs. Now I shall see Emily. How my heart leaps in my throat—but I am so tired. My dear mother! if you could only know how safely I have got here—oh, how he seemed!

'Walk up if you please.'

And with a slow faltering of confidence, the girl followed him, thinking lightly over the rich carpeting, and pausing as she passed the brazened Time, that stood frowning in the niche. The door was thrown wide open. The light glared in her eyes—and the man left her. She stood for a moment in the doorway. She glanced at the spacious apartments—blazing with cut glass lustres, and garlanded with perfumed wreaths twined over crimson drapery—She thought of the 'square room' at home—with its dark walls—its sanded floor—its red tiled hearth, with the logs cheerily blazing on it. A feeling of sickness pressed on her head, and she leaned against the door and burst into a passion of tears.

A young gentleman who was the only occupant of the room, and who stood gazing at his own figure in the pier glass, turned at the sound of sobbing, and stared for a few moments at her figure without speaking. She raised her hand and wiped her eyes. 'That must be Edward,' said she to herself, and then summoning courage to speak aloud, she asked, 'Is Mrs Grayson at home?'

'A—don't know—' said the youth languidly, turning back to the reflection of his own little figure, and passing his fingers lightly through the curls upon his forehead.

Olive Porter looked at him with some surprise.

'Can it be Edward?—the polite—the elegant Edward? but I will try him again'—and raising her voice, she said,

'I will thank you to ascertain whether Mrs Grayson is at home or not.'

The young man turned once more from the glass and looked at her. Then ringing the bell, he said to the man who answered the call—

'Tell mother, there's a woman wants to see her.'

Olive now stared in surprise equal to his own. But she remembered, that much as she had thought and heard of Edward, her own person was a stranger to him; and she tried to excuse him.

She waited impatiently, to be admitted to Mrs Grayson. For some minutes, she listened to hurrying footsteps above—then loud whispers rung through the passage—and then a voice called out—

'Ask Miss Porter to have the goodness to walk up stairs.'

Gladly did the weary Olive obey the welcome summons. She tripped up the staircase, and found herself, at the door of a large chamber. A lady whose youthful appearance seemed hardly to need the slumbering decoration of flowers and jewels which sustained it, advanced with a gracious smile.

'My dear Olivia! how rejoiced I am to see you! how good of you to come directly from here! Emilie, my love—voilà! votre belle cousine, de Verdmont.'

'Emilia my love' rose from her seat at this summons and crossed the room. She placed a delicate hand, covered with rings, lightly in that of her 'belle cousine'—so lightly that the fingers scarcely touched; and with a soft voice, soft as the humming bird's murmur, said,

'How fortunate that you should come to night!'

Olive looked at her cousin. At her cousin Emily of whom she had dreamed and thought so much—and she asked herself, if she were not still dreaming.

The petite figure of Emily Grayson was the most wonderful work of her mantua maker. She used to say that if she ever did up any thing well, it was Emily Grayson's back. So sloping, so rounded, so curved, so straight—all and every line in the exact place, where fashion dictated. Such a waist! less than half a yard would go round her and buckle! Such feet! nothing but 'mimes sizes' would ever go on to them! And such splendid hair! any body would look well with such hair! And to night for Emily Grayson, had mantuamaker, hair dresser, maid and mamma, done their best to make her 'superb.' Her fine chesnut hair, was braided in many braids, and wreathed with many strings of pearls. Her soft blue eyes looked almost starry, and her lilly complexion mocked the necklace that reposed on her bosom. The white figured satin dress with its rich folds, gave a statue like beauty to her figure, and Olive thought as she gazed, that she looked more like a dream from classic lands than a modern belle prepared for company. Her reverie was broken by her aunt's voice.

'My dearest Olivia—you see the state we are in:—pray excuse us—we receive company to night for the first time since we returned from the south; I suppose all the world will be here. Now, you shall do just as you please—dress and go down, or if you feel tired, you shall go right to bed: do just as you like—perhaps you will be amused if you go down; though to tell the truth every body is stupider than stupidity, that is coming here. But do, my love, just what you like.'

Thus invited, Olive, translated without her own consent into Olivia, held a short consultation with herself. She reflected that as she had come to visit her Aunt Grayson, it might be well to make her first appearance this evening. It would gratify her Aunt, undoubtedly—and although she was very tired, yet she would not be so selfish as to go off to bed, if she could sit up. She thought too, there would be some amusement in looking on at a fashionable party—and she was glad, since she was to visit in fashionable society that she should have her first glimpse of it at home. So she said with a little curtsey—

'If you please, then, I will go down.'

'Well dear—then you had better dress, and come in to my room. Mary, show Miss Porter to the north chamber.'

* * *

The 'north chamber,' into which Olive was ushered, was a small room above the one in which the short interview, with her aunt and cousin had been held. It had a white bed in it, with white curtains over the bed, and white curtains at the two windows. On the painted floor was a small piece of green backing. A white chair, and a white painted table, completed the furniture. Altogether, there was a comfortless air about the apartment, which, considering that the weather was cold, even for December, was enough to discourage anybody, but a Green mountain girl. Olive was not easily discouraged. To be sure, she had ridden nearly eighty miles that day—and she had not broken her fast, since her hasty dinner at Groton—To be sure, not a mouthful of food, had been offered her—neither had she been invited to take off her Tartan plaid cloak, or her shaw colored head. But this want of consideration, she readily imputed to the hurry of 'receiving all the world.'

She saw that her blue trunk, had been safely deposited, and determined to dress as expeditiously as possible—in order that if any alteration or improvement should be suggested by her Aunt, no time need be lost. With shivering fingers she disarmed herself of her outer garments, and began the process of array.

'I am afraid my hair will make but a sorry figure,' said she, as she smoothed her locks over her pretty forehead, 'that dress of her cousins has there no of my fashion.'

[illegible] night about her hair. There was no limit of it, [illegible] curls grew in six months, and it was not quite enough to curl at all, even to turn in her curls. 'Look, I have even fashionably made grave—shades to Mrs Grayson,' and she carefully exhibited the hundred journeys, from the pride of her wardrobe. Alas, while Miss [illegible] had come from Boston to Paris, the fashion had [illegible] from short clothes to long ones, and nobody in [illegible] wore them shorter. Then the damask, satin shoes, [illegible] bright steel sprig in the middle of the bow, did [illegible] but set off a face and ankle which, on the point [illegible] 'Was made to me.' A thin and black striped hair [illegible], concealed her twists, and over her neck, she placed [illegible] gilt, which emphasized a gold locket. She was [illegible] stitched by the time she had hurried on her [illegible], though she had sat quiet over fifteen minutes at her [illegible] thought up the light and tripped down stairs to [illegible]'s room.

[illegible] will call out, if I venture dressed right, though [illegible] I shall do very well.'

[illegible] the original. A [illegible] trimmed in tassels, which were fashion each one [illegible]

'I don't care! You might have let her stay where she was. Why she is perfectly hideous!'

'My dearest girl—do remember—'

Olive did not know whether she had better go back to her chamber or not. She could not stay and listen—she was a good deal amazed at what she had heard. She rattled at the door knob a little, and then entered, light as hand. Mrs Grayson stepped forward to meet her—

'My love! you have been very speedy, really. Here is Emily, complaining of her mantuamaker, and I am sure the poor girl has done her best,'—said she hurriedly, and nodding to her daughter, 'why what would you think, to dress yourself, Emily, as your cousin has done?'

As she spoke, she led Olive forward. Emily, who had by this time become quite composed, looked up to her cousin. Gazing at her from head to foot, she looked at her mother—then convulsed her face, in a vain effort to restrain her feelings, and at length burst out laughing. Olive was somewhat shocked, for she could not avoid thinking that ordinary or other, she was connected with this burst of risibility.

The tears stood in her eyes, and her lips quivered, as she tried to smile. Her aunt perceived her emotion and skilfully interposed.

'Emilia, my love, do be composed. Olivia does not know what you have been laughing at—you are in perfect hysterics to night. Olivia dear, we have all been laughing to day at one of Mr Grayson's stories, and somehow, Emilia cannot get over it—and every time dress is mentioned, out she bursts, laughing—Emilia, you must command your nerves.'

Olive was more than pacified. She was not suspicious, and she had never been ridiculed at home. She was sorry to hear that Emilia was nervous, for she remembered how Dr Butler had said, when he heard a woman say she was nervous, he always set her down for a fool, or an ill-humored person. She hoped Emilia was neither—but the tone of her voice sounded in her ear, as she had heard it, while she stood in the entry, and she was puzzled.

'Olivia, my love,' resumed her Aunt, 'I believe—I believe your neck is a little soiled—there just by your chin—where your bonnet string tied—'

'Oh! I will step up stairs and attend to it—thank you my dear Aunt, for telling me.'

And the unsuspecting girl left the room. As soon as she was well out, the mother and daughter burst into uncontrollable laughter.

'What shall we do?—what shall we do! Oh dear! How like a wild Hottentot the girl looks! what feet! and oh, what hands!'

'Yes, and what hair! good Lord! why what can we do with it?—it will neither twist nor tie, nor curl, nor any thing, as Mary says, in the usual world!—Oh ma! ma! what *did* you let her come for? And here 'tis, now eight o'clock—and the Beardsons and the Wintons will be here by nine—and what can we do with her!'

'Do be patient—and let me think—and don't scream out so! Can't you be quiet about it. As for her coming, how could I help it?—no matter for that—the thing is what to do with her, now she is here—goodness' sake, here she comes—'

'Tell her, her *face* is soiled, now, Ma!' whispered Emily, as Olive opened the door.

'Is it right now, my dear Aunt?'

'Yes, very right; here my love, take these ear-rings and this necklace, and run up stairs and try them on; I am coming up directly——there now, we have a respite of a moment—I have thought—Emilie, your plain Swiss muslin, with the satin trimming—you must lend it to her, or give it to her, one or the other—for that horrible muslin she has on, I should be ashamed to have her seen in. Now do it, in your very best manner, my dearest love—you know you can do such a thing, better than any body in the world!—there she is again. Well, my dear how do they answer?'

'They are very beautiful indeed—but—in the first place, my ears are not bored—and then, Aunt—I don't think they suit exactly with the simplicity of my dress, otherwise—' Olive hesitated—she feared to offend her kind Aunt—'but I will do as you think best about the necklace, I am sure you know best.'

Emily now came towards her cousin, with her sweetest smile, and with the Swiss muslin hanging on her arm.

'I fear, my dear Olivia, you will charge me with assuming quite too soon, the privilege of a friend, but as I hope we shall very soon be familiar, I think I will venture to beg you to accept this dress. It is so plain, it will suit your taste, I am sure; and perhaps my having worn it, may give it some value in your eyes. Say that you will do me this favor, my dear girl'—said she, looking affectionately at her cousin.

'And let me assist you in changing your dress, dear,' added her Aunt, with a smile of approbation to her dutifully benevolent daughter. 'I think on the whole, the necklace of Mamie, will look best—and I want you to exhibit your hand for five minutes to my discretion.'

'Olive's heart was too full for speech. So kind! so considerate! surely they were angels in human form. She sat down and submitted her hand as directed. When she looked in the glass she scarcely knew herself. Her refractory locks were closely cut, and a cottage cap of rich blonde lace, was tastefully tied at her ear with a blue ribbon. Her cousin's Swiss muslin, was at least three inches longer than her own discarded attire, and the offending shoes were concealed, for they could not be improved. Olive had no idea she could look so well. But she had not much time to enjoy her improved looks. Her Aunt and cousin were going down stairs and she was fain to follow them, and hide in the shadow of their glorion.

'Your cousin, Miss Olivia Porter,' said Mrs Grayson to her son, as they came into the drawing-room. The young man bowed with an expression of extreme delight; and Olive smiled inwardly, for she remembered his first appearance.

'You are to stand here, my love—and you Edward will see that—but where's your father?'

'Down in the basement room; he says he won't stop an inch higher to night.'

Mrs Grayson sighed deeply—her daughter looked vexed—her son whistled.

'Can't you persuade him, Edward? if you could—'

'You know its of no use—what do you ask me to persuade Mrs for? I do hate affectation.'

Olive was shocked. Her aunt however recovered herself immediately from her sighs, and saying 'You are a rude thing, Edward,' proceeded to arrange the flowers on the mantel-piece. She beckoned to Olive to assist her, and the brother and sister retired to the end of the parlor, in [illegible]

'My love—I have been thinking—as you are a stranger, perhaps you had better be pretty quiet, and amuse yourself looking on. I am afraid you will have a dull time, for Emilie and myself shall be so much engaged in attending to every body's enjoyment.'

'Oh never mind me, my dear Aunt—I shall enjoy myself quite enough looking on. Oh how beautiful every thing does look! it seems just like a fairy tale.'

She was interrupted by the ringing of the door bell, and the arrival of the company. For the next hour, she had enough to do to watch the strange features of fashionable life. The assistance, the flourishes, the bowing, the courtesying, all were on a scale of which she had received no previous idea. The universal distress to her relative, seemed to be, that not Miss Sumner herself or would not arrive. She mentioned that her Aunt had expressed some fears and hopes on the same subject, and she began to have some uneasiness herself. The sound of many voices at length gave token that the company were at the height of [illegible] and while she stood in the further corner of the room [illegible] the million things and heard the [illegible] musical chatter from every quarter. She forgot that anybody saw her or spoke to her.

Somebody touched Olive and she saw a waiter of refreshments before her. A voice, that she remembered, behind her if she would have no tea. She looked at the silver server, and discovered something which resembled dough-nuts, and above them towered an angle, whose spread wings touched the hills of each of the dozen. Olive thought it looked very magnificent, but as she doubt see no connection between her own palate and the view before her.—She answered with a negative shake of the head. The gentleman who had asked her, now addressed the same question to the next lady who stood near, who with a toss, a twist, and a wriggle, seemed to answer more favorably; for a moment after, off came the head of one of the marble doves, and reposed in an undistinguished mass on a china plate. Olive hoped that the gentleman would speak to her again, and to her great satisfaction he turned immediately towards her.

'I believe I had the pleasure to ride with you to-day?'

'Yes sir.'

'I did not know then that you were a friend of Mrs. Grayson's, or I should have improved my time better. Is she a connection of yours?'

'Yes, she is my aunt. I have never seen her before, but think she must be very lovely, for I feel attached to her already.'

'Then this is your first visit to the city?'

'Yes it is. I feel a good deal of curiosity to compare its pleasures with those of the country. I fancy all the excellence and warm-heartedness of the country, with a grace, a taste, a refinement, which is to be formed only in polished society. I have fancied all this from reading, and I think I can realize it a little even in the short time I have been here.

'From your observation of your aunt and cousin?' said the gentleman, smiling.

'Yes, I confess they are all the characters I have studied.'

'You are unsophisticated,' replied he, and the smile almost astounded to a laugh.

'I am unsophisticated,' said Olive, returning the smile, 'and you are welcome to laugh at me, but I am not so foolish as to think that because people live in a city they must necessarily be deceitful. I am fond of reading characters in the face, and at least in two faces, I am sure I have read them right.'

The young man looked at her again, with some surprise—he hesitated, and then he said earnestly,

'Will you promise not to hate me if I lift the veil from your eyes? It is an unthankful task—but yet see objects not only through the medium of inexperience, but surrounded with your own good heart like a halo. Stay where you are you shall be undeceived.'

Olive did not comprehend him. He had turned away, as he finished speaking, and was lost in the crowd. After some consideration, she remembered that she had read, in one of the few novels that were admitted to the 'Pure Social Circulating Library' of a race of fashionables called quizzers. This must be one of them. And yet his face did not indicate it exactly. There was a sincere good will in his expression, which Olive thought might be trusted like a brothers. If Olive had looked longer she might have seen a little satire, lurking among the good will. As these thoughts went through her brain, she was delighted to meet for the first time, the smile of her cousin.

'How do you get on, dear?' said she hurriedly, 'I cant stop a minute, for there's Miss Somers alone.

'Do tell me who this Miss Somers is?' asked Olive.

'Oh heavens! she's a horrid disagreeable creature!—I hate the very sight of her—but she has solid charms; you understand, such as the men of this generation admire—but I must have you.

Olive thanked her cousin with her heart for finding time to speak to her, when so much was on her mind. She pitied her too, that she was obliged to be polite to so very disagreeable a person as Miss Somers, and more when she heard her talking to a dapper gentleman about this Miss Somers, and her dancing.

'If I were she, I wouldn't dance—not but that she dances sweetly; but you know, it is said to be bad for her peculiar—melody.'

'No—really—I did not know that Miss Somers wasn't well.'

'Merey! didn't you know she was subject to epilepsy!—well, dont mention it. I dont know who told me—at all events, she dances well.'

'I always thought,' replied the gentleman with a considerate air, 'that there was something about her eyes, a strange sort of look.'

'Yes—but I think that expression—a sort of quick motion—but that is from a sympathetic affection connected with her complaint. I like it—a great deal of sweetness in it.'

Emilie turned to go to Miss Somers. The gentleman looked after her and smiled.

'You have missed it once, fair shadower! I happen to know Marie Somers myself. Oh! woman! woman!'—Olive did not hear his soliloquy. She saw at the moment her unknown stage companion coming toward her. He glanced around him a moment, and then said in a low voice.

'Follow me just to that window seat—here now seated by that chandelier—use your own good sense instead of your hearts—use your eyes and ears as if you were at home in the country, and I fancy you will see very much difference between one human being and another.'

Olive stood still, where he placed her behind a flower stand; and half concealed by the drapery of the window. What he meant to do she could not guess, but she patiently awaited the next scene. She hoped he was not quizzing her. She wondered who he was. She wished she had asked her cousin Emily. Then she heard her cousin Emily's voice close to her, saying,

'She is a lovely, darling creature! what fine health she looks in!'

'Yes—she never was ill a day in her life: and if one may lawfully say so much of a sister, she is, as you say, a lovely, darling girl.' Olive recognized the voice of her companion, and she concluded not to turn round. He went on.

'Pray tell me who that image of rusticity is up in yonder corner? Ah, she forgot there now—she was there a minute since. She looks fresh from the Park of Tempe.'

'Oh! heavens! dont ask me! she's straight from the wilds of Vermont—a sort of protege of mamma's—but she is the most—well you think—ha! ha! ha! if you could only see her in her theological garb!'

'Oh! I am sorry, for she seems to have some sensibility. I thought her face quite intelligent.'

'A intelligent! mercy! I thought I should have perished, trying to make her go to bed to-night, instead of appearing here, but not a step would she stir, though remonstrated, her mental, implacable!'

'But, what does this animal belong to? where are its bewitched keepers?'

'I know nothing about it, the creature drifted here to-night, and Edward and myself have agreed to give it house room a few days for auld lang syne sake. Mamma—she must be thinking quite you are somewhere from the plentiful hand of Nature—when we are tired, we shall cast it adrift again.'

'You are an admirable sister—where spirits you are to-night. But are you sure you can get rid of this character so easy? these Vermonters are sort of blood suckers—stick fast, where they get hold.'

'Don't frighten me so! I am terrified to death a-ready, to tell you the truth—she is so different from anything I ever in a country—I think sometimes I should like to see what would you do if you found the creature quietly settling down upon you—if you found the creature quietly settling down upon you—if you found the creature quietly settling down upon you—if you found the creature quietly settling down upon you—'

'Turn I shew's Blue! I promised to broke with him'—and Emily left him.

Olive heard this conversation in some and mortification and astonishment. When she gave some more her companion's face, and heard his voice, she could hardly believe her own eyes. She looked at him as if he were some vile enchanter, who had been discovering to her the secrets of the internal regions. He smiled, as he looked at her, but there slept there was pity and some admiration in his smile.

'I feared you would hate me' said he, 'but I cannot suppose you believed me for a moment hardness, or wanting in respect for you—you could not.'

'Oh no—but I confess myself astonished and deceived. I will not say humbled—because—because—it is not my fault that ——' Olive's voice faltered in spite of herself and her companion hastily interrupted her.

'I understand you—I understand you. But do not feel discovered at all, you have expected too much, but you have too much good sense to allow yourself to condemn, as hastily as you have admired. Your cousin Emily has some good points.'

'Yes, I know she has,' said Olive warmly, 'she is very kind and polite to that disagreeable Miss Somers. I think that is a good trait—she is not selfish.'

'You don't know Miss Somers?'

'No, not at all, but I am sure I should not like her, and I should not have the kind-heartedness, that you—that Emily shows,' said Olive smiling.

'And why should you not?'

'You will think I am foolish enough—but I have the greatest horror of fits.'

'Have you?—and what then?'

'Why nothing, only I just sure I could not be kind to a person who had fits, if she had ever so much money.'

'I am as much in the dark as ever,' said the gentleman, his face was crimson; and with what emotion Olive could not guess.

'Will you be so good as to explain yourself?' continued he, and his serious countenance almost alarmed Olive.

'I have nothing to explain,' said she, and she began to fear that her companion had fits himself. 'I have it so, very foolish, and it was only an early fright that made me care about it.'

'I beg your pardon, you were talking of Miss Somers, why do you think her disagreeable?'

'Oh, I don't think her so, only, Emily says she is very much so, but she says she is rich, but I say it would make no difference to me so long as I admit that I admire Emily's command of her nerves, for you must know she is very nervous; and I think it shows a very kind heart in her.'

'To like a disagreeable person?'

'No—for she does not like her, I suppose; but there are many disagreeable persons who do not hate fits.'

'Do you mean that Miss Somers has fits?'

'Yes—so cousin Emily says; but she is just as kindly attentive to her as if she were not subject to them; but perhaps fits do not frighten her.'

The gentleman did not answer. He seemed to be absorbed in thought. At length he looked up.

'Do you see that young lady? there—among the dancers, with a rose in her hair—we she is standing still.'

'Yes, I do—the one with a white gown on? yes, she looks very sweet and amiable.'

'She looks as she is. Did you hear the speak of my sister to your cousin?'

'Yes—is that your sister?'

'That is my sister. I told your cousin that my sister never was ill a day in her life. She knew it.'

Olive was puzzled. She did not know what to say. At length she said,

'Health, as surprising, is rather unusual.'

'Yes, it is very unusual. I cannot divine Miss Grayson's motive in making such an assertion; but she shall take it back.' A light broke in upon the bewildered Olive.

'Emily has not. I don't know but I have done very wrong; I am sure I did not suspect—but it cannot but' stuttered she in broken sentences.

'Yes, but it can be—Miss Somers is my sister. I forgot that you could not know me to be her brother. And now—so, I will say nothing about it to-night. It will be unpleasant for you. Let me introduce my sister to you.—I am sure you will like her, she is not disagreeable, and she never dreamed of having a fit.'

'I think you sir, and I have no doubt that I should admire her, but I believe I must bid you good night.'

Olive had kept her heart down, so it were, by main force. She was afraid to stay any longer, lest she should burst into tears. So many feelings oppressed her—so many new sensations, discoveries, and some most appalling ones, crowded on her thoughts, that she dared not trust her brain. She ran up stairs to the north Chamber, and taking off the Swiss muslin present, folded it neatly and laid it aside forever.

'And there is the necklace too. And there is the cap. And now I am myself again.' And Olive covered her burning head in the white counterpane, and wept till she was heartily tired. She drept asleep, and dreamed that she was at home among the Green Mountains. The rough features of her kind father smiled on her; the placid pale face of her mother bade her be comforted, and the joyous laugh of her brothers and sisters came like a spring gale over her heart. She awoke refreshed and calm, but extremely hungry. For Olive, accused to the refinements of a city life, had not yet learned to endure famine with fortitude.

Nobody was up in the house. It was very cold, the parlors in a complete state of disorder. But a fire to be seen, and the gilt and alabaster timepiece pinging nine o'clock. Olive opened a window shutter, and seated herself in the sunshine. Before her extended the no longer beautiful prospect, with its shivering trees, whispering discontentedly in the cold gloom of the morning. The trees waiting across the brown turf looked antiquated and dowdy.

'It is like all the rest' said Olive compassionately. She had come to a resolution, and her mind was quieted. True, it was December; true, the way was long and weary; but Olive had not lived eighteen years in the world for nothing. If her ancestors had not been puritanical, still they controlled the nature of her heart, her heart was strong, 'and her hand full of good and generous cause. A ride of a hundred and fifty miles, in a public stage coach, had no terrors for a girl who had taught school in the wilderness of Maine, and whose daily walk to the school house had been two miles through thick forests of overhanging oak, over a solitary road. The generation which had seen such exploits had given her days was not likely to fail her now; and if it knew no end the ends of life so to expedite on for ongoing years.

The door opened, and a servant with a clock and fire

[illegible] came in rubbing his hands together. He looked surprised when he saw Olive, but said it was a cold morning,' and went out again. She knew it must be her Uncle Grayson, because she well remembered his taking her in his lap when she was a child and giving her [illegible]—She had remembered with the [illegible] of a children memory, that he was kind and [illegible], and when he left the room without knowing who or what she was, she found herself feeling a very unaccountable degree of grief. Soon after, however, her uncle again entered, apparently enlightened [illegible] and shook hands with her in the kindest manner; told her he was very glad she was come, and asked after each individual at her home, with a particularity that showed he was sincere in his remembrance and affection for them.

'I made your mother promise to send you here to me whenever your eighteenth birth-day came, but I forgot you [illegible] hard to believe time passes. Well, and how do you like us all?—for Mason tells me you came last night. If I had known it I would have had you with me down [illegible] those high-flying [illegible] people you don't know [illegible]. Well—and do your mother's [illegible] and all the little ones—but they have got to be great ones now. Lets see—how long is it since your aunt and I were at Pera? five—no, it's eleven years!—then my wife was sick there, with one of her fevers—she's never liked the thoughts of Pera since.'

'I remember she was sick there.'

'Yes—and you were all so kind and attentive to her. She might well remember her being there with more pleasure, but she's always had one of her 'notions' [illegible] but I'm like one of the old prophets—cry 'peace, peace, and there's no peace.'

Olive had no reply to make. And her uncle, as if glad to have an auditor, went on.

'Now here, I've been up these two hours—not a dog up in the house but Mason; and he's getting my chocolate ready—come, you shall help me eat it, for I'll warrant you wont get a mouthful else this forenoon.'

Olive accepted the offer with alacrity, and said with all her heart that she had never drunk any thing more delicious.

'Well now—I'm sorry to leave you, my dear; but I'm obliged to go to Portsmouth this very day, and shant be back for a week or more. But you must make yourself comfortable; and here, when you write home to your mother, you'll write soon, I suppose, just put in that fifty dollar bill, and tell her its in part pay for the pleasure she has given me of seeing one of my own blood relations.'

Olive heard the announcement of her uncle's departure with some pleasure. She felt glad that she should have nothing in Boston she could love. And when her uncle had gone, which he did without any bustle of preparation or leave-taking, she patiently awaited the resurrection of the family. She found some books, which amused her till after ten o'clock, and then, as the servants were arranging the distracted drawing-rooms she withdrew to the basement-room, for she was not yet quite equal to sitting in the aunt's chamber.

About eleven she heard a good deal of ringing in the house, and learned, by the passing remarks of the domestics, who looked at her, as if beyond their comprehension, that her aunt and cousin were taking cocoa in their own apartments. Mason, her uncle's man, whom she had unwittingly made her friend, by her praises of his chocolate making, informed her that the ladies would not be 'visible for an hour or so.'

'But suppose any body should call?' inquired Olive, and the thought of her own appearance seconded her anxiety.—She had learned to be a little afraid of her gentle cousin's ridicule.

'Oh no fear ma'am. Nobody's admitted if they do call, after a party. And when there's been such a jam, as there was last night, the ladies are always two or three hours later, and for that matter the whole house—the help must recruit as well as the mistress.'

Olive considered a minute. Her promptness sometimes became imprudence; but now she was careful that it should not so degenerate. Mason looked very good-natured, and she concluded to ask him if he would put her name down on the stage-books for the North. He promised to do so, with evident surprise, and promised farther that he would say nothing about it. When this was over Olive was quite easy. She was determined to be surprised at nothing, to be very calm and comfortable through the remainder of the day, and to try not to think that her aunt and cousin were more or less than they seemed. When they did rise from their chambers to hail the new day' they were as pale and spiritless as they could be. Emily said she never enjoyed a party so little since she had an existence, and her mother was too much provoked at the abominable extravagance of the servants, in despatching the chicken, salad, and the lobster—salad, and a ration of other good things, which she had intended should furnish forth the dinner for the day, to have any patience.

'And now we shall have nothing but the carcasses of those birds to eat—for I am determined, let what will be the consequence, not a mouthful more shall be cooked in this house to-day;—Why, do you think the creatures coolly cracked four bottles of Champagne, after eleven last night?'

Olive's appetite was so extremely keen by half past two o'clock that the carcasses aforementioned were very acceptable to her; and if the dinner bordered a very little on the meagre, Olive recollected that she had determined not to be surprised. The day was finished, by alternate lolling on the sofa, and scolding on the part of the ladies, and the closing scene was diversified by the cook's giving Mrs. Grayson warning to provide herself with a successor, and the chamber-maid saying that 'she couldn't nor wouldn't be starved to death, whilst she had a pair of hands; and Miss Grayson must look farther.'

It was so very disagreeable for Olive to announce her own departure from this hospitable mansion, that she concluded to follow the fashion of romantic ladies in books, and write a farewell epistle, which she did in two [illegible] lines, and left it on the white 'dressing-table' in the north chamber. Her cousin Edward she had not seen since her first introduction. She had heard that he rode out of town before dinner, [illegible] this farewell was spared her. Her trunk and bandbox were [illegible] the northern stage, and long before the first streak of grey dawn lighted up the spires of the 'city of palaces' Olive was far on her way to Pera.

[illegible] in the corner, and hand her a phial of salts. But, oddly enough, it happened that the old man in the stage [illegible] where she got into the stage, knew her aunt Grayson, and loving to talk, entertained the stage passengers with her early history. It was new to Olive, and she listened with [illegible].

'Speaking of them are Graysons—I've know'd 'em root and branch, [illegible] these twenty-five year.—Now we talk about republican institutions; and we talk about one person being equal to another, and all that sort of thing. Well now, there's this instance, and that instance in the country, to my knowledge; but Grayson I've know'd man and boy, and his wife I know'd when she lived down in [illegible], when she was a girl. And a handsome girl she was, as you'd wish to shake a stick at.'

Somebody asked if it was the firm of Grayson, [illegible] & Co. they were talking about.

'Yes, that's the firm. Grayson, I guess, is worth half a million. Well, he began a poor boy in my father's store. In the first place, he peddled out [illegible] for my father, and [illegible] whilst doing that thing, that he fell in with Ruby Hill. She, as I told you, was keeping a shop [illegible]; that is to say, it was three or four steps down; there she used to sell a pound of tea, and an ounce of tobacco, or a half a pound of sugar at a time. He fell in love and married her; and now the long and short of it is, they live in ——— street and spend like princes. But now, do you expect it is likely that the Grayson's of [illegible] and the Graysons of ——— street are one and the same persons?'

Much more, and with many particulars, did the old man relate; and Olive heard and was silent. The next day, [illegible], she was clasped in the arms of her parents.

Now the rest of the [illegible] of Olive Porter, how she went to [illegible] springs with her father for a pain in her side, [illegible] the heir of the [illegible] and [illegible] now in Philadelphia, and how her cousin Grayson [illegible] written in the chronicles of [illegible] child in Pera!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

## THE FIRES OF LUCIFER.

### A SKETCH.

With the Genius of Volcanoes I stood within the fiery crater of Cotopaxi. His form was enveloped in a radiant [illegible] flowing upon me the spirituality of his nature—a sheet of condensed flame, variegated with all colors and adorned with forms of the weird and strange creations of his [illegible]. From Hecla to the burning mountains of the equator, had we passed, viewing Ætna as he glowed on the distant isle, heaped with enticing luxuries for the unsuspecting world. The dreadful magazine of Vesuvius was in motion, [illegible] for another issue which will bury the [illegible] fields and native cities of Italy—cities, which, like the phoenix, shall expire in blazing scintillations, but to resume a [illegible] of form, and to advance through another glorious existence!

'Mortal!' said the Genius, and his voice, deep and thrilling in itself, startled me in the awful and enlightened solitude—'Mortal!—now hast thou beheld the manifestations of my power. With these ravage I the earth, or purge it of most [illegible]. Thou art mine, for I have freed thee from the spirit of the pallucid ice-berg. Start not!—Remembrest thou not the pitying current in which I found thee—from which I liberated thee, and which would have been eternal? Transparent and impervious it rose on every side of thee, but my power dissolved the glittering boundaries—thou art mine forever!'

'Thy prisoner though I be, I am not thy [illegible]. Too long have I [illegible] this earth to bend to thee. I have [illegible] through the flames of raging passions, then shall I fear the fires of thine? I have experienced that [illegible] which follows [illegible] feeling, that can I now be moved by anything like this?' And I cast my eyes around upon the eternal climate which flashed and roiled on, and would turn to bend, as if in homage, at the feet of its master.

'Presumptuous being!' he cried, 'unredeemably art thou subject to my power. Denying thee my element, thine eyes which move with such facility, would be fixed as if chrystal in their sockets; thy body as if marble, be abandoned by its treasure—the soul.'

'My powers of enchantment,' answered I, 'had caused to spring from the dashing waters an ice-palace, in which I hoped for solitude—its chilliness was more endurable than thy presence, even though the Ice-spirit haunted me in. I fear not all thy power!'

'Then suffer its absence!' uttered the Genius. Never felt I such wintry sensations—piercing, my marrow, than a blast from the snow-clad mountains of the north to a dweller in the tropics. I shrieked—was fainting, when suddenly I experienced a parching as if of the destructive simoon. I cried for alleviation, and threw myself at the feet of him of the volcano.

'Ha! ha! ha!' roared he, and his laugh echoed to the farthest depths of the mountain, while he folded within his arms his glittering robe, in inward derision of my weakness.—'If,' continued he, 'I put out my hand, I crush thee; if I bid these inanimate flames perform their desires, where wouldst thou be? But thou art safe, receive strength. I confer the power to behold what thou dost, without which, no mortal can pass that flaming mouth. Look! look at those exhibitions of my reign!'

On every side danced up a living wall of flame—sparkling and beautiful! Far gazed I into those melted regions, the forming lava seethed, and spouted, and bubbled in horrible commotion. In rapt wonder, I beheld the rushing flames soar and flap in the breeze which the gentle earth had sent in compliment to my attendant, or that the wrathful ocean impelled in token of the ancient enmity between them. My fancy gambolled with the show. Illuminated palaces loomed up in dazzling splendor. Gigantic cities and impenetrable forests were decked in every hue of the rainbow. Cascades of molten gold flowed on, while tints of sunset were clustered in the imagined skies, changing to resemble the purer hues of morn. I was intoxicated with delight, and the scene, so august, humbled me.

'Now respectest thou thy power?' said the *Fire Spirit*—'Who gives thee ability to endure this biting flame—who bestows the vision for beholding this magnificent scene?—This is my realm, unrivalled, as my power is boundless.—Perform one command and thou art free; yea, thy power shall be to ride upon the ravaging flood of the eruption—to go winged upon the sweeping and roaring lightning, directing its course and plunging its shafts wheresoever thou wilt! Though thou hast endured the riving whirlwind unharmed, and hast met the pestilence untainted, thou mayest not presume on much beyond these. Wilt thou obey me?'

The majestic manner of the Genius, while it conferred his power on me, gave a sensation of inward greatness not altogether unpleasing. I saw myself capable of serving him; but what, thought I, could be the task which a spirit desires of a mortal? My aspiring soul became impulsive beyond control. Boundless as had been its attributes—thwarted as had been its actions and disappointed as had been its hope, even in its highest success, it was still the same in all its former qualities. Though I had combatted the spirit of the tempest and conquered; and for a time, stricken the power of the Ice Spirit, I was not content. I would be above aught on earth.

'Pronounce the command,' I said, 'and if my human energies, will support, perform I the task.'

'Thy human strength is naught, though thou hast wielded an insurmountable sceptre, and subjugated the fiercest and most stubborn of earth. I will confer a new power.'

'For thee,' said I, 'I will mark the direction of the avalanche and send the boiling geysers whither thou wilt, and my name shall be known as the perpetrator.'

'Thy path and thy name must be unknown. Thou art to control human mind.'

'The power! the power!' cried I impatiently. The spirit raised a particle of great lucidity, which as he touched it, shot up in flame and assumed all the varied hues of gems. On making a mystic figure on my breast, it changed to a lustre, pale but bright as the purest diamond. A sense of suffocation and burning, like alcohol through the system, visited every part. He touched my forehead with the coal which resumed its former resplendent hue. My brain [illegible] expanded. I saw all the ways of man—their schemes of policy—their [illegible], and their effects, and all which is engrossed in that comprehensive word—society!

'Now,' said my patron, 'thou hast in thy power the performance of thy wishes; [illegible] in its first application and it shall be boundless.'

'What is thy object? the will to [illegible] as it is—I burn.'

'I doubt thy will, yet, child of earth,' said the Spirit,—'But hearest thou those sounds as they are wafted over the flaming sea? Such music would I have [illegible] through the mundic air. On this spot, they can be heard, but by such as are touched with the charm of fire. Take this lens of spirit [illegible], look through that crevice marked by the recent workings of the lava.—View those distant and parti-colored lights—behold how they change in hue as they ascend, flaming up, like the [illegible] or newly awakened volcanoes; hither and thither, circular and [illegible] of beauty.'

'I see the labor! how beautiful the firmament!' I cried with enthusiasm.

'But many may seek the torch as emanations of thy task; yet many will be delighted, therefore, though some die, the existence of whom will be [illegible].'

'Wilt thou have me apply these beautiful and burning illuminations as instruments of torture, or of death to my race?'

'No.'

'Combat with the spirit of water?'

'No.'

'Pierce the heated regions of Africa, and the wild Isles of the Pacific and teach thy worshippers with the flame?'

'No.'

'Travel into Asia and strengthen in thy devotion, the Fire Worshippers?'

'No.'

[illegible]

'None. But [illegible] die if thou art [illegible]. Wilt thou comply?'

'No! I would [illegible] all thy power—for all thy [illegible]'

'Then [illegible]'

I sunk [illegible] to the earth, [illegible] in every part [illegible]. My [illegible] to such [illegible] that death [illegible] the foot of my [illegible] begged for relief.

'Wilt thou comply?' he demanded.

'Oh! ease my misery.'

'Wilt thou comply?' he reiterated.

'What, devilishly, wilt thou have me do?'

'Burn fire-works and [illegible] on the Boston Common, and disgust the people to quit using these d—d lucifers—I hate the popularity of the devil.'

I awoke, not from the feet of the genius, or the crater of the volcano, but from the foot of my bed and the floor of my chamber, to which my wife had kicked me in her [illegible] wrath at my restlessness. I opened my eyes and the fire burst upon my brain that I had a severe cold and fever. Promising never to go and see the 'Lucifer' [illegible] eat lobster and ice-cream, and drink brandy-punch any more, or to sleep immediately after, my wife [illegible] me to get into bed, from which I was soon awakened by the morning sounds of 'here's fresh cod—haddock—o-oh!' J. L. S.

[COMMUNICATED.]

For the solution of the Enigma, which appeared in the Evening Gazette of the 4th, and was not answered in [illegible], it would be as well to refer the curious in such things to the one so beautifully poetic, by Lord Byron, on the letter *H.*—for if the former on the equally [illegible] and more important letter *I*, was not intended as an [illegible], yet to say the least, an evident similarity may be traced. E. L.

'Twas in Heaven pronounced, and 'twas muttered in Hell,
And Echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of Earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the Ocean its presence confessed;
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder;
'Twas allotted to man at his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth, and awaits him in death;
Presides o'er his happiness, honor and health;
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth;
In the heaps of the miser is hoarded with care,
Yet is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir:
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
And though unaspiring, with monarch is crowned;
Without it the soldier, the sailor may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home:
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.
'Twill not soften the heart—but though deaf to the ear,
It will make it acutely, and instantly hear.
Yet in shade let it dwell like a delicate flower,
Ah, breathe on it softly it dies in an hour.


# NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1835.


## HEADS AND POINTS—No V.

Hollo there—you're the Editor of the Galaxy, hey?

*No sir.* Not *the* Editor of the Galaxy; but one Editor of the Galaxy.

I don't know as I know exactly what you mean; but I want to have a word or two with you——

I don't like to have words with a stranger, sir, if it can well be avoided.

Oh ye don't, do ye?—But I've been wantin to see you this ever so long, and now't I've fell in with you, I've a—

You want to fall out with me, hey?

Why no, not exactly that; but I want to give you a piece o' my mind.

Thank ye—but I'm no friend to partnerships; the whole or none for me—if you've any piece left; for I see by your pocket-book there and the five-hundred dollar bills you've been flourishing about with since you came aboard, that you are a speculator in timber-lands.

Wal—what's that to you? I made forty-thousand dollars yesterday; and its nobody's business that I know of—is it?

No, I should call it anything but business—to my notion it deserves a very different name.

Wal, what's that?

Gambling.

Tell you what 'tis, Mister—I believe your name's N—? I heard.

If you don't look out, you'll have some brands served up to you a little hotter as you'd like it, maybe?

Maybe so.—And the sooner the better.

But my dear sir, said another passenger, whispering with a good-natured eye, and evidently with a kind purpose—what can have set you so against these timber-lands? Everybody makes money—you don't hear of any body losing.

I beg your pardon. But I have heard of some cases—and I expect to hear more, when the land is no longer worth keeping. And at last, when the second, third or fourth instalments are due, when settling day comes, I know that multitudes will acknowledge both their knavery and folly. It cannot be otherwise.

Why sir—I could tell you some stranger stories than you ever yet heard of, and some that I know to be true.

Do you refer to the paupers, who escaped from the work house at Bangor, and before they were caught, contrived to make eighteen thousand dollars a piece?

Not exactly.

Well, sir, said a gentlemanly bystander, in spectacles—if he cannot, I can tell you of a case quite as wonderful.—My brother, who is a lawyer, had an execution against a fellow but a few days ago, for twenty dollars; the debtor swore out on another, for a smaller sum, in the presence of my brother—say on Tuesday last—my brother seeing this, and finding the fellow destitute proceeded no farther with his demand. The very next day, the debtor became a man of property, having made ten thousand dollars clear, by one of the changes that are occurring now at every hour.

And there stands a young man—a law-student but the other day—and this we know to be true—who has made rising twenty thousand dollars within the last two months and has got the money in his pocket now; and there goes another man who has made and pocketed nearly two-hundred thousand dollars within the last three months. He began a year or two ago, and got up a sort of mining company, himself acting as agent, whereby he has done a world of good, and led to the discovery of incalculable resources in Maine, which but for his handsome enterprise would not have been reached, or ground out for another century perhaps—the shares cost him five dollars; he has lately sold them for a profit of thirty thousand dollars; and it is but a few months ago, [illegible] fifty-one thousand dollars in one day by a [illegible] which cost him but one thousand. So with everything he touches just now. He has failed in business two or three times, but being full of courage, hope, [illegible] and enterprise, is now a wealthy man. Nay more, he has got his wealth in a way profitable to others, as a large part of it, and the rest he is welcome to—by leading to a discovery of the mineral resources of our State.

Fifty-one thousand dollars in one day! whispered a bystander—and here am I, after toiling for fifty years, up early and late, and living a life of uncomplaining self-denial, with hardly property enough to bury myself decently.—Thank God though, I owe no man a dollar, and if I drop into my grave to-morrow, my children are taken care of.

How, sir?

They are well educated sir, with a good trade a piece for them.

Then sir, you are a richer man by far than the possessor of millions!

But how did he manage it?—I declare I should like to know the story.

That you may out of his own mouth.—I say!—Mr C—calling to a small dark, sharp-eyed looking man, with a pleasant mouth and a fine forehead—come this way, will ye? Mr C. came up, and the matter was soon explained to him, and he told the story.

Why the fact is, I had a timber-tract which cost me some [illegible]. Messrs S—— and B—— had another lying out for sale—or rather a bond for another, at sixty cents.

Ah!—I thought they had got sick of bonds and timber-lands—they gave six thousand dollars [illegible] in the only position they had [illegible] with.

True, and the land was immediately sold at a much higher price. I knew this, and knew they were not the owners of the bond at sixty cents. So I called and offered to sell. No—they wanted to sell too. Well—give or take—[illegible] After [illegible] together, Mr. S. & B. called for an offer. Very well, said I—an offer. [illegible] I'll give you one thousand dollars for the bond. They were evidently surprised—looked pleased, and after [illegible] together, proposed to sell for one thousand dollars, [illegible]. You do so. [illegible] They would take [illegible] to consider of it. As you like—but I shan't. I [illegible] the offer now—and now I must have the answer [illegible]. Well then, yes! The very next day, I [illegible] fifty-one thousand dollars on that single purchase! And saying this, he walked away.

And I can tell you of another case, added a [illegible] bystander, the truth of which [illegible] will vouch. A [illegible] came to Bangor as a day-labourer last spring. He belonged to New-Hampshire, and was not worth $300 in the world, owning a small house and a little bit of a farm, somewhat [illegible]. Not having any thing to do for himself, he took a trip down East. Within a week after his arrival at Bangor, he happened to be sitting in the bar-room of a public house, where a party of timber dealers came in, who began talking together about some [illegible] purchase they were going to make in partnership. After listening awhile, without being heeded by them, probably on account of his appearance, he went to the land-office and secured the [illegible] for the very tract they had been talking about. After a few days, they returned from exploring, and were *satisfied*. It was to be a fortune for all of them—there was no kind of doubt or difficulty. The money was theirs. Upon which he laid out a certificate, and asked them if that was the land they were talking about. After due enquiry, they find it so—and paid him *thirty thousand dollars* to forego his claim. After this, and within a few months he made thirty-five thousand dollars more, and returned to New-Hampshire, and bought one of the best farms in New-England, where he has had the good sense to [illegible] and go to work as before.

Ah!—that man will die rich—or rather may die rich—though the chances are five to one against him—even him. He has tasted the forbidden fruit—and who that has once dabbled with its lusciousness can ever hope to forbear, without a special interposition?

Tell you what 'tis, friend—you don't know quite so much as you think you do, rejoined the first speaker, turning short on his heel, and adjusting his shirt-collar as if he had never owned one before.

Nothing more likely—but I know enough to keep my fingers out of a bear-trap, and eschew speculation these days——

Devil trust ye! if all they say is true. I dont see much difference between speculation in timber-lands or granite.

Nor I neither—and as I see by the faces here, that you mean to have a turn up with me before we part—allow me to say that I see no difference between the knaves and fools who are engaged in the granite speculations, and those who are running mad about timber-lands. To give one hundred thousand dollars for a share in any thing now, is neither more nor less than downright madness—and ought to entitle the purchaser to free admission into a lunatic hospital, as it certainly does into a work-house.

And yet, I heard you say not half an hour ago, that you yourself had bought into a ledge—the best in the world—if that aint speculation, I should like to know what is?

Then sir, I'll inform you. That is not speculation. I know what I bought; and I bought only to prevent others from speculating on a poor but very honest fellow, who was under contract with me to furnish granite of a particular kind for a block of eight handsome buildings. To hinder that, and make sure of material enough to finish that block, I bought in, as you call it—

Didn't I just hear you refuse the same price for one quarter, that you gave for the whole?

Yes. And for that very same reason. I did not buy for speculation—but with other and better purposes. My block once built, and that particular granite, the best in the world I verily believe—even the Hallowell being lighter color, less heavy, softer, not so free from pyrites &c &c. Anybody may have the ledge who will treat it properly—

And come down with the dust handsomely, hey?

Exactly.

But between ourselves friend—what is your real opinion of this timber-trade?

Do you read the New-England Galaxy?

Yes—that I do!

Well then, my real opinion is just what you see there.—I give none but *real* opinions.

Well sir, I confess I am astonished. Look at the map. Look at the wonderful increase of our population. Good judges say that we have not so much timber now left, within the boundaries of Maine, as have been actually consumed within the last five-and-twenty years.

They are mistaken sir.

Mistaken sir! Impossible—

Then, sir, allow me to say what I have to say, in yet stronger language. They are either fools or liars—to a man. The consumption of white pine lumber, instead of increasing with the increase of our population, *decreases*; and fifty years hence will not be so great as it is now.

A general outbreak of astonishment followed this remark—but I continued: Five-and-twenty years ago, nineteen-twentieths of all our houses were built of wood—now they are built of brick or stone, and may now be built of either in the lumber districts, for less money than of white pine lumber, at the present prices. Then more lumber was wasted than employed. Boards were sawed nearly double their present thickness, frames were three times heavier than they are now—instead of plastering, white pine pannel-work, or planed boards, tongued and matched, were employed for the inside walls of the commonest farm-house. After a while, that fashion was partly abandoned, and for a time you would see nothing but one broad pannel over the fire-place, another broad pannel, topped with a chair, rail running round the rooms, and a mop-board eighteen inches deep. All these things have yielded to plastering now—pannel work is done with —the *dead O*, as they call it, has disappeared—the chair-rail is no more—and even the mop-board, a running-base or plinth, has dwindled to six inches. And so with every thing else. Five and twenty years ago, about as much lumber was wasted by fire and freshet as was actually consumed. Now these things are done with. Fires in the woods happen no longer where the pine-timber lies—and all the logs are marked and numbered. People no longer order fifty per cent more than they want—much of our timber is got out by dimensions now; it is no longer necessary, if you would make sure of one thousand feet to order fifteen hundred.—Are you satisfied?

No sir.

Well sir. One word more. The consumption of white pine timber will be less in our country at the end of fifty years than it is now—for other reasons.

Another general [illegible]—Georgia-pine, will supersede it for flooring—[illegible] for fifty other things—our own hard pine, spruce and fir, better timber by all odds for many things they are now never used for, will soon get to be valuable, and the white pine will be saved for what nothing else will do. Why sir, do you know that cherry-tree lumber may be had from New York for the price of good [illegible] white-pine at Portland, where it cannot be had now at any price; ay, sir, cherry-tree lumber ordered from New York, all expenses added, commissions, freight, passage, &c. [illegible] considerably less? Nay, other kinds of wood will come into use in the same way, long before white pine gets established at any thing like the present prices. Mark my words.—And as for hemlock—spruce and fir—[illegible] of no value now, they will be made use of within five years from to-day, to the [illegible] of more than fifty per cent of the present consumption of white pine—

Perhaps the gentleman would like to buy a tract of spruce, fir and hemlock, said a tall handsome stranger who had been listening a long while in silence.

No sir.

Or sell?—

No sir. I have neither part nor lot in any lumber on earth—what I say of timber-lands you may believe or not as you like—what I say of my own particular ledge of granite, as I am interested there, I insist on your not believing—till you have satisfied yourself, with your own eyes.

When your houses are done, hey?

Yes.

And when will that be?

Enough for a sample I hope, in the month of October next.

For a sample, hey?—So, if I understand you, you build the granite-houses by way of recommending the granite.

No sir. My houses were half up long before I thought of buying the ledge I spoke of. When I [illegible] for the [illegible] I did so, because after the fullest and most patient [illegible], I could find no [illegible] material in any quarter [illegible]. [illegible] and people were giving [illegible] thousand dollars for shares in a granite quarry not worth [illegible] it entered my head to guard myself against such [illegible]. I was in church at the time; and that very day visited the quarry in person, and [illegible] which had been exposed for *eleven* [illegible] till the [illegible] had gathered upon them, without any change of color except for the better, and made up my mind to purchase.

Wal sir—I confess I do not see the difference between your speculation and ours.

Don't you? Then allow me to explain it to you once for all. I know what I purchased. You don't. I am sure of a monopoly. You are not.

How so?—How can you be sure that there is no other granite equal to yours in the world?

Simply because I have the every day experience of plain practical men [illegible] who have followed the business of exploring, quarrying and hammering for many years, and know every bit of granite above ground, or worth digging for within fifty miles of us—and as for all the rest of the business, the geological features, &c. &c.—what they don't know, *I don't*—Are you satisfied now?

Perfectly. And here he turned away, adding in a sort of whisper, as he betook himself to another group, sitting over a plan with all their map-[illegible] and pocket-books out, and a block of polished granite [illegible] the circle with [illegible]—what a capital auctioneer he'd make!

I thought so too.

A moment after this, another person took me aside, a man of real worth and character, and assured me I was right, absolutely and entirely right.

I was a good deal astonished, for I know that he had made at least one hundred thousand dollars by timber-land speculation within a few months.

Yes, he added—people grow poor when they paid a dollar for stumpage.

And poorer when they paid nothing for it—or stole it—hey?

And now they are expected to grow rich at five or ten dollars. Why sir, I myself once bought 12000 acres of timber-land at one dollar the acre, for the purpose of helping a worthy man who was perfectly acquainted with the timber-business, but had no capital. He was firmly persuaded as thousands are now, that the only way to make these purchases profitable was to *operate for yourself*. So I furnished the money, and he the labor, and we agreed to share the nett profits. Now sir—all I can say is, that during many years, I never saw the interest of my money, tho' my partner as I have told you, was perfectly acquainted with the business, and labored most diligently and faithfully.

Indeed!—and what do you propose to do with that land now?

Nothing.

Nothing!

We have just sold it *for five dollars an acre!*

Here was another blow up! Even those who agreed with me that lands purchased for speculation would turn out a ruinous affair at last, were all *sure* that lands purchased for *operating* as they call it, would turn out well. The long and the short of it is—and if we were to scribble forever, we could not make it plainer—that the people are mad—the speculators in everything under a most extraordinary hallucination. Talking won't save them nor help them. And all we have to say now is—into it all of you!—into it over head and ears!—every man of you—who has nothing to lose, or so much, that you cannot be injured by a loss. To all others, to the moderate and laborious, the frugal and the industrious, who have something put by for a rainy day, and not enough to gamble with—*forbear!*

P. S. Since the above was in type, we—that is ourself—I!—have gone to the heart of another ledge, *far superior in every respect* to the celebrated Quincy Sienite.—You shall see the proof at Boston before long. N.

## A TRIP EAST.

Since our last publication, we have had a peep at the head-quarters of Eastern Speculation, Portland, and spent a day in the out-post, Bangor. Having by despatching an avant *courier* from the boat, secured lodgings at the Bangor House on Sunday evening, our party could, at ease, enjoy the confusion of those who had neglected this precaution, and were beating the streets from house to house to find shelter. Common fame, through her mouth-pieces, the newspapers, has loudly trumpeted this Hotel as a country edition of the Tremont. Now, as we are in the habit of subtracting something from all newspaper puffs, (except those published in the Galaxy) we did not, notwithstanding the excellent reputation of Mr. Martin S. Woods, the landlord, expect to find more than a very decent country-inn; and, landing with this moderate expectation, were disappointed—but, agreeably. It is a splendid establishment; and every thing that a polite host, attentive servants, elegant furniture and accommodations, and excellent fare can do for the comfort of travellers, they may find at the Bangor House. The building is very large, and something after the style of the Tremont, though the wooden porch, with some few other indescribable somethings about it, fall below the general plan of the building, and give, collected, the appearance of an establishment erected for a temporary purpose,—as if the builders had been heretical upon the *everlasting* prosperity of a house which owes its business to the land fever. The sanguine, however, insist that the price of land has by no means reached its actual value—and that the State of Maine generally, and Bangor, and the fertile district at the head of the river navigation, it is the Port, in particular, are to rise in value, and increase in business for years to come. A more permanent style of architecture for their crack hotel, were worth fifty per cent to the holders of Eastern land. Nothing of these remarks respecting the building itself, will apply to its furniture. By the way, among this latter, there appear to be no articles in better demand than two maps of Maine, on a large scale, which hang in one of the gentlemen's apartments. From morning till night, and almost till morning again, there are knots of spectators tracing locations on these charts,—and the landlord has found it necessary to post a request that gentlemen will not deface them. It had been well, for the pine granite pillars of the porch, had a similar caution been placed there, for they bear the pencil mark calculations of the value of the stumpage on half the land which have changed owners since the house was built. It is odd to see the contrast between the character of the establishment, an apparent pleasure resort, and the business, bustling appearance of its guests.—The town presents a singular aspect built on hills; a mixture of brick and wooden buildings—elegant edifices, within a stone's throw of huts and shanties, a few public buildings in delightful locations, and some one or two at least which would disgrace an Indian settlement. The 'City Hall' in particular is horribly unsightly, and as inconvenient in its interior, as inelegant in its outward appearance. A respectable barber would not take a lease of it, rent free. A hurried look over the city (Monday was uncomfortably warm, we should perhaps say hot,) enables us to give but an imperfect sketch. There are, if we recollect, five buildings for public worship, and a Theological Institution. The streets are regular on the plan, but apparently confounded-ly irregular in fact. The soil is clayey, and is of course, delightfully soft travelling after a storm. The irregularity of the surface must, we think, make paving very expensive, if not impossible.

Bangor owes its name to the preference of Rev Seth Noble for a particular Psalm tune. In good old times when people were not such reprobates as to deny that a preacher is, necessarily, the best living man for anything—things wicked always excepted, Rev Seth Noble, who was a sort of Caleb Quotem in this settlement, then called Kenduskeag Plantation, was appointed agent to procure an act of incorporation for it, as a town. He was directed to have it called *Sunbury*, but the [illegible] of a good old Psalm Tune did so haunt the reverend gentleman, that he could think of nothing else—and Sunbury was set aside for Bangor. It was incorporated in 1791, and then contained about [illegible] inhabitants—[illegible] but if the reverend Mr Seth Noble could wake and walk over the town now, he would find it more than [illegible] the original version of his favorite piece of Psalmody.

In 1800, the population of Bangor was 277, in 1810, 850, in 1820, 1221, in 1830, 2868. It is now supposed to [illegible] more than 8000. This population, with the strangers with which the hotels are filled, give the place the appearance of a bee-hive or an ant-hill—we [illegible] the business streets [illegible]. There is one topic of conversation here—[illegible], prices, ruling rates, bonds, deeds, speculation, money, etc—Wha-a-t? Every thing is in a hurry. [illegible] the Down-Easters of Bangor, and vicinity [illegible] their high-heeled shoes, since they have found their [illegible] and city of consequence enough to draw so many visitors [illegible] to the 'devil take the hindmost,' when the boat [illegible] the wharf. Every body is in the race for lodgings. Few of these visitors come to Bangor for business—all? You can't find one stranger in forty there, who did not come either to see a friend, or for his health, or because he had never been here before, or—or—or—for anything but the purchase of land. Nobody dreams of such a thing when he sets out, but somehow or other, these down-easters [illegible] a snug fortune into their visitors' pockets in the shape of a township, or county, or some such little matter before they know it—and then give them the speculating mania by inoculation. Then immediately follow the symptoms. Fore finger on the right nostril in the gesture, [illegible] shuffle in the gait, whisper in the tone, and the [illegible] meaning of all is, 'What'll ye give?—or—What'll ye take?'—buy or sell, play or pay. Once in a while, you meet a customer who has actually won in the game. His appearance differs a little from those whose good fortune is still in embryo. He steps lighter—quicker—head up—eyes wide—and is altogether ready for a jump—anywhere. Were he offered a plan of land for purchase, in Kamschatka; on the Rocky Mountains; in Iceland, New Holland or the Polynesian Islands, he would not turn away the bidder, but 'think of it,' and take a bond, if he did not go an out and out deed of a thousand or two acres, or a continent or so.

As one would think, in all the talk about [illegible], there is some fun;—and so there is, but all the current jokes have some bearing to speculation. As an instance we shall give an anecdote. It may be an old joke revived, but if it is, it is worth reprinting, annually at least. The story runs thus: A man and his wife came in from Madawaska with a quantity of furs, which they disposed of at one of the stores in Bangor, taking goods in payment. The merchant (long credits are fashionable here) wished the couple to take yet an addition to their purchase, and pay in furs, when they next came to town. The man demurred, but after some persuasion, permitted his wife to take a gown on the shopkeeper's terms. The couple returned to their forest home, and for a long time it seemed that luck had absolutely deserted them. Not a bear would show himself, and when they had quite given up all hope of ever paying for the calico, the woman ran to her husband one morning, with the welcome intelligence, that a bear was in sight of their cottage. He sprang for his gun, ran to the door, levelled and fired,—but Monsieur the bear took no other notice of this than to run away, like an unaccommodating coward as he was. Dropping the breech of his rifle, the backwoodsman shouted after him with the utmost nonchalance—'*Ah! you may run and be d—d—but the skin you've got on is mine, by a darned sight; for I gave a bond of it at Bangor three months ago!*'

While fortunes are made before breakfast by the speculators, and a day of ten hours is a business life to them, the operators whose labor gives to the Eastern lands their actual value, toil during the season of 'stumpage' at a great disadvantage, as to profit. They are fitted out with stores at Bangor, consigning their lumber to the merchants who furnish them. Thus the merchant is *sure* of his remuneration, but as there is risk respecting the market value of lumber, and a possibility of a long delay in effecting its sale, the goods furnished the stumpers are charged with an enormous advance,—which with the commission on the sale of the lumber, must make the business of furnishing tolerably profitable to those engaged in it, with sufficient capital to wait long returns.

We had nearly forgotten to speak of the accommodations on board of the Steamer,—but this forgetfulness is to be attributed not to the supposition that there is nothing worth remembering in her management, and excellent qualities as a staunch sea boat, but to the fact, that her good behaviour has so passed to a proverb with [illegible] travellers, that to mention it as an article of news, is like announcing that 'salt is an article of general use.' Capt. Thomas Howes, who is to take command of the Independence, had charge of the Bangor for the trip,—and we congratulate future passengers in the Independence, that he does not belie his fraternity—and that is paying compliment enough. We were pleased to witness an instance of the promptitude with which the complaints of passengers, when there is occasion for complaint, are attended to.—One of the servants was insolent to a passenger—the fact came to the ears of the officers, was substantiated, and the cause of complaint was removed by the discharge of the offender. W.

## SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD.

'What!—beard the Douglas *in his hall!*
*The lion in his den!*'

About three weeks ago, we were under the disagreeable necessity of turning the mother of this wretch, neck and heels, out of our house. We could get rid of her on no other terms. Knowing that we *knew* her and her son, that we had publicly and repeatedly exposed him (in the Yankee), for one of the most heartless and shameless liars and cheats we ever had the misfortune to save from starvation or hanging—a wretch who had maintained himself and his mother, for years, *and to her knowledge*—by his depredations upon the holiest sympathies of the warm-hearted, the generous and the *trusting*,—literally preying, with *her*, upon the widow and the orphan whithersoever they went—knowing all this, the mother of that man had the unspeakable impudence to demand our name to her subscription list, saying '*Oh she must have it!*—her son had particularly desired to obtain it!' &c. &c. &c. and alleging by way of inducement that he had *six thousand subscribers!* (Thirty thousand dollars a year!)—that she came of a good family and was *well educated* (!)—that her son had always been friendly towards us, notwithstanding the terrible paper in the Yankee—and that among other things, he had puffed us in the New-York Mirror, &c. &c. &c.

To all which we said No. But she wouldn't take no for an answer. And she wouldn't leave the house, not she, till the matter was explained. *She* would have our name—and at last she got them. We were obliged to tell her, in the plainest possible language, that we believed her son to be the greatest *liar* and scoundrel and hypocrite upon the face of the earth—that *his mother knew it* and encouraged him in his knavery—and maintained herself by it; that '*her Magazine*' was a lie—the story about the six thousand subscribers, another lie—and both her and her son, a pair of shameless and wicked vagabonds, who if they paid a tithe of their honest debts for board and clothing, to the poor widows and others whom they had lived upon for the last twelve or fifteen years, instead of *pretending* to a magazine that produced thirty thousand dollars a year, they would both be in the work-house, without a rag to cover them.—All this, we sent with our compliments to her son—by the mouth of his dear mother.

And now in his next 'Quarterly' we have a paragraph stuck in at the bottom of a page, where he had no reason to fear it would ever be heard of by any respectable person—really if we were not afraid of interfering with the sale of his work, we should copy it here, as it is only a paragraph—denouncing us in the prettiest conceivable terms for a man of '*low birth*, (!) *a renegade, an attorney*,' &c. &c.—All which we are ready to forgive, and do forgive with all our hearts, for the sake of the consideration namely—that we once shook hands with Sumner Lincoln Fairfield at London—emptied our pockets into his, when he was literally a *stranger* to us—friendless, helpless and penniless—introduced him into good society—obtained for him every farthing he received while there, directly or indirectly, in an honest way—and, worst of all—forbore cautioning the public against him, *out of compassion to his mother*, for more than a twelvemonth after we knew him *and her* to be all that we have said. But enough. We cannot afford to waste more time on such a fellow—otherwise we might amuse the public with a few more details, in addition to what we published nearly six years ago. N.

Mr and Mrs Maeder, and Ostinelli, are giving concerts in Maine. At Worcester, last week, they were very successful, and in Maine they are drawing good houses. Miss Cushman accompanies them. Finn has engaged Clara and her husband, for the Monster Theatre.

## PHANTASMAGORIA:

THE CAMELS ARE COMING! Boston is on the alert. Old gentlemen, who, having made their fortunes, whose first thoughts on earth were safe in sending their sons anywhere—with a cargo of warming-pans to the W.—and safe too in speculating in whatever they could invest for—take a vault to themselves for every lady they made, who as they did the business of the world, in the carrying trade of all Europe was in their hands, and buy were sure to be prince—these old gentlemen, have coddled themselves to death and Newburyport and Salem and were in a fair way to do as much for Boston—killing her with kindness—are all dying off. Thank God—which comes to about the sum of their money-bags. If not of association of their money-bags. It is a rent to; and what is the consequence? why other place. Two years ago, she was ... look at her rail-roads—her bridges capital was stealing away—' from the ... and there was a pretty good chance of ... ever and over to the city of New York. ... business—her speculations. All alive and alive like ... The Boston men were in other days the shrewdest ... of business in our country; but for a long ... they have either been lying asleep on their ears, or ... have employed their wealth not in encouraging enterprise. Fools!—Do ... that the capital of a city or a state consists ... in the business talent and character of her people ... their wealth? —any more, fifty times more. Wealth ... without character—and without enterprise ... is not a *sinking fund*. But with enterprise ... character and business talent, empires are built ... of this country were laid by such ... and strengthened by such men, ... They are its true capital. Another thing.—How the wealthy men of our country forgot—*or did they know*—know of their own knowledge, that *rich by stealing not by keeping*: that he who ... price and buys back to-morrow at more, ... and buys the next—and so continues, ... while he that holds on cannot. Why ... hundred thousand dollars for a lot of ... he gave eighty or has been offered ... keep it, and he will never be offered ... throw it into the market, however, at one ... and before the week is over he may see ... money, *and everybody the better for* ... *possible we say*—any common, of every ... in the familiar transactions of business ... surge us therefore, with having changed ... Eastern speculation, or with having ... There isn't a word of truth in it—we ... Let somebody try us—that's all. N.

## NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TABLE TALK. The Harpers have ... volume of selections from the 'Table ... Hodge.' To those who hold his particular ... talk, this book must be very interesting ... the general reader will also find in it, an ... fund of excellent remark upon almost ... What must actual conversation with ... when, when patches from it, preserved in ... manner, and divested of the peculiar circumstances and associations under which they were uttered! ... Capt Maxwell, author of 'Wild Sports ...' 'HISTORY OF THE IMPOSTURE OF ...' Wm L. Stone, are among the recent ... The latter has already passed to a ... On sale at Russell & Odiorne's and at ...

G. S. Hillard, before the the City ... has been printed in a very neat ... Hilton has lithographed a view of ... Long Wharf to Worcester—what the ... when completed, and the buildings ...

... PENNSYLVANIA. We have ... justice to the System here set forth ... the author; but believing as we do, ... the right path—among the two thoughts ... always going astray, we hold it our ... discharge it next week, to deal more ... accustomed, with the publication of ... By the way—we observe that he don't ... cover, or contriver of the system itself, ... in the preface, but in a note now lying ... have called it my system, not because ... for it is neither—but because the ... and the arrangement of the work different ... similar work or treatise upon the same ... knowledge extends.' Very modest—adds moreover, 'I make no pretensions, but as to teaching penmanship upon ... do make pretensions.' We dare say ... these pretensions aside, and self-discipline ... the contrary notwithstanding, we are ... Foster a great deal more credit than ... we must do next week. Having been ... friendship ourself—as anybody perhaps ... a peep at our manuscript—we flatter ... fairly well-qualified to touch up a pretentious—particularly if he has any ... to modesty. N.

## DEATH OF JOHN MARSHALL,

CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

... near Washington. The man who most ... of his Country, in all that distinguish ... good, is no more. Their history, their ... and their deaths are alike. They ... Revolution—the Man of another Age ... World. August and simple and phlegmatic ... forth from the dead-level of their day ... pyramids. From the first, they were of ... way over the understandings of a people ... are gone forever, we look about us ... wing apprehension—with a feeling of ... ask ourselves where the next bolt may ... our eyes upon the record of that ... which fixes the age even of such men, ... calamity their death may be, and how ... may be found to supply their places, at ... and ten. Fewer and farther apart are ... few more years, they will all be gathered ... and to Our Father. And then—whither ... ourselves, whither shall we turn our eyes ... nothing examples, of what men should be ... Great Republic?

... our time, we should try to run a parallel ... Washington and John Marshall. It would ... said, and all we have to fear. It would ... of a Nation—the sorrow of a whole ... solemnize the worst apprehensions that ... and more or less openly avowed by ... of one of the country, whatever may be ... religion.

... prepared his own epitaph, two or three ... Two or three days before!—may ... before! The greatest epitaph and ... such a man would be!—

JOHN MARSHALL.

... Sept. 24, '35. *Died July 6, '35.* M.

... is exhibiting his wonderful machinery ... Hall, to large audiences. If any of our readers ... of our ... have not yet taken their little ... to the ... all, they have no time to lose.

... sentiment, says the Post, was drunk at ... the 4th inst—we were not aware before ... our friend Benjamin was out of the city on ... —Here is a health to General Jackson, ... finish on such for the French or any other ... world; and I don't think he will. ... wreath for P. B. as well as for the ... Mr. Benjamin wasn't any concerned; sent for ... appointment in the customs. He denies that ... it must be some other Dennis.

TO READERS.

... Family,' next week.

## BOSTON AMERICANISM.

... Improving every hour.—But why employ on the Hundreds of everything else, that extent, that, amongst building Spaniards, upon which a double edge cannot be worked! Beautiful though it is—and the workmanship is far better than the material—you are obliged to sacrifice the first principles of architecture in your fifty best buildings, and to mark your meddling round where they should be square, and this yet must continue to do, so long as you employ the Quincy stone for meddlings, portices, &c.; some of the new buildings there would be a credit to any place—and we expect much of the New Court House, notwithstanding we hear it based fault with in all quarters. The workmanship is admirable, and what we have seen of the portico—the thing itself—the subject.—And by the way, this reminds us of the ugliest thing in Boston—the Doric portico of Mr Perkins's house. Having heard it celebrated we went twice to see it—once by moonlight. The workmanship is beautiful—the design preposterous, hideous, hopeless, and altogether out of place. Under an idea of being very classical, they have employed the earliest Doric, the one half sunken in any the earliest and ugliest, for it appears to lie somewhere between the Doric of the Parthenon and that of the temple of Theseus—we didn't stop to measure it—said fears a most oppressive resemblance to the unwieldy Tuscan—we might say to the Egyptian—and for what purpose? why for a portico to a tall, narrow four-story brick house!—There's a pure classical taste for you! Grecian temples for banking houses!—the chiding place of Minerva, Apollo, or Olympian Jove where the thunderer held his court face to face with the people of Athens, converted into a broker's shop, a place for the money-changers—that were bad enough; but all that we are getting accustomed to in our rage for classical architecture, it is hardly worth complaining of now—but just to think of any man in the Nineteenth century—in the nineteenth—boy!—building such a portico, to such a house, in such a place, for such a man as Thomas H. Perkins—one of the New-England Medici.

P. S. We recommend to the family to blow it up with gun-powder, architect and all—and then to order a new portico from a quarry in this neighborhood of which we, ourself, happen to be a proprietor. There is nothing to be compared with it in this part of the world.—But that's between ourselves. N.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### FOREIGN.

FROM ENGLAND. By the arrival at this port on Tuesday, of the ship Victoria, Capt Rogers, London and Liverpool dates to the 8th of June have been received. There is no political news of importance.

The negociations which have been carried on lately between the English, the French and Spanish governments, relative to the affairs in Spain, appears to have produced considerable excitement in England. The course which England has determined on is not yet known.

An investigation was taking place in relation to the late disturbances at Wolverhampton—which would probably result in exonerating the military from all blame.

FROM FRANCE. By the ship Pacific, Capt Hoxie, at New York, Havre dates to June 6th, and Paris to the 5th have been received.

*American Indemnity Question.*—The Committee in the Chamber of Peers made their report on the 4th. After some remarks by M. Barante, the further discussion of the subject was postponed to the 11th, in spite of the efforts of M. Dubouchage, who wished it put off till the 15th. We see nothing in the tone of M. Barante's remarks which varied the aspect of the question. The trial of the Lyons insurgents in the French Chamber of Peers was not concluded.

In relation to the intervention demanded by Spain, the Gazette de France of the 6th remarks:—'The Impartial states that two of the ministers threaten to send in their resignations if the Intervention be not adopted. On the other hand, it is said that M. Hamann and Maison have declared that they would quit the cabinet, if this measure was resolved upon. It is then for the purpose of gaining time that they have written to London.'

ST. JEAN, DE LUZ, 31st of May, 1835.—Elisondo and Urdache have been evacuated by the troops of the Queen, and the garrisons of these two places are on their march for Pampelona. A Courier has arrived here to-day, by land, from St. Sebastian, who reports that the insurgents have invested Villa Franca, a place strongly fortified; that during the whole of yesterday the place has been besieged, and that the garrison has made a strong resistance; that Jauregay (el Pastor) had gone off yesterday before mid day with 1500 men to raise the blockade. When the courier came away, the result of the expedition was not yet known. This morning a cannonade was heard in the direction of Villa Franca, and it is announced that the insurgents have abandoned the place.

They assaulted it twice, with the view of getting into it but each time in vain. They were repulsed with the loss of 500 men. These two assaults were made last night.—The first at midnight and the second at 2 o'clock. The insurgents retired in consequence of being informed that two corps of the Queen had arrived. One of these corps was commanded by el Pastor, and the other by Valdez.—The forces of the latter amount to 10,000 men. A second affair is spoken of; but we have not received the details of it yet.

LATER. We are indebted to Captain M'Kinstry, of the brig Isaac Chasson, for Paris papers to June 12th, and Bordeaux to the 12th, both inclusive, containing London dates to the 10th.—*Jour Com.*

The news is of more than usual importance, especially so much of it as assures of an efficient intervention by England, France and Portugal, in behalf of Spain.

Capt McKinstry states that a broker at Rochelle informed him that the Indemnity Bill had passed on the 12th of June; and news had reached Rochelle that the armies of the Queen and Don Carlos had had a very heavy engagement.

*Paris, June 12.* The question of intervention is arranged between the powers which are parties to the Quadruple Treaty. A new energy is to be given to the execution of the Treaty. The resources which will be placed at the disposition of Gen Valdez, will enable him probably to assume the offensive, while the active co-operation of the allies of Queen Isabel II. will give to her government a more energetic action against the factions which oppose her authority.

The London Morning Chronicle says, the British Cabinet will religiously observe the engagements it has made in the Quadruple treaty. France without doubt will fulfil her duties with fidelity. A Obtemperian has just been signed between the diplomatists representing Spain and Portugal, by virtue of which, an auxiliary Portuguese legion is to march, at the expense of Spain to the aid of Valdez. Fresh munitions and arms will be sent from England to the Peninsula, if required, and an Order in Council will authorize his Majesty's subjects disposed to engage in the service to enter the Portuguese legion, or serve under the immediate orders of Valdez.

*Livourno, (Italy) May 26.* Don Miguel left Rome secretly on the 21st, arrived here day before yesterday, and left the same day for Genoa and Marseilles, habited as a servant. It is probable he will proceed to Holland, where he will find a government disposed to aid him.

*Naples, May 22.* For seven days past, a great rumbling has been heard in the interior of Vesuvius, and it has not yet ceased. The enormous mass of Volcanic matter proceeding from the successive eruptions which took place from the 25th of March to the 1st of April, accumulated near the new crater. On the 21st this mass fell with a horrible crash into the abyss below. A dense smoke immediately arose in the form of a pillar, which ceased to mount up to the heavens.

*Lisbon, May 27.* On the 25th the Queen charged the Marquis of Saldanha with the formation of a new Ministry, and on the 27th he formed it as follows:—Saldanha, President of the Council and Minister of War; the Duke of Palmella, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Marquis de Loule, Marine; Francisco Antonio de Campos, Finance; Juan de Sousa Pinto de Magalhaes, Interior; Manoel Antonio Carvalho, Justice and Worship.

*Madrid, June 2.* The capital is perfectly tranquil.—Nothing remarkable from the Provinces, except those which are unfortunately the theatre of civil war.

*Constantinople, May 12.* Tartars nine days from Aleppo, report particulars as to the state of things in Syria which have created a great sensation, especially with the Porte. Emir Bashir, the Prince of the Druses, has taken advantage of the great embarrassment occasioned to the Pasha by the ravages of the Plague. The Druses fell upon the Egyptians while destitute of succours; the corps of Ibrahim was completely defeated; and it is supposed that the Druses will avail themselves of this victory to make a levy en masse in Syria. The Egyptians cannot hope for reinforcements, for Ibrahim Pasha fleeing from the plague, has retired to Upper Egypt.

JAMAICA. Papers from this island have been received to the 23d June, per brig James, Harper, at Philadelphia. They are filled with complaints respecting the evils of the apprentice or free labor system, and from the vexatious changes of detail continually made by the Governor, Lord Sligo. Symptoms of insubordination on several occasions required the prompt interposition of the military for their suppression.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

MEXICO. The accounts from Mexico by the Pilot, to the 23d ult. do not vary the aspect of affairs in that Republic. The Plan of Tolusa, in favor of a central form of government, was generally gaining adherents, Puebla, Queretaro, and many other towns, had declared in its favor. The Mexican fleet gave no sounds of the immediate ... of Capt. Zenovia of the Mexican navy by the Americans settlers in Texas. From this circumstance it appears that Capt. Z. who had landed at Galveston bay with 84 soldiers, for the purpose of protecting the Central Mexican officers stationed at Anahuac, was taken by surprise and murdered, as the account says, by the North Americans.—The Central Mexican officers and the soldiers, unable to resist their numbers, abandoned their quarters and fled in all directions. This opportunity has induced the indignation of the Mexicans to such a pitch that it was ... [illegible]

## MARRIAGES.

In this city, Enos Stewart Esq. to Mrs Eliza Charles Davis; Thomas Jefferson Griggs to Mary C. Potter; John Russell Jr. to Lucretia C. Gardner; Jonathan Jewett Jr. to Charlotte S. Farnham; Charles S. Giles to Esther Ann Ober; Walter Farwell to Frances P. Hilton; Mary Dyer, 2d. D. to Lucius Tiffany; Wm Clark to Miss Martha Wagner; Seth Robinson to Mrs Mehitable F. Adams.

At South Boston, Thomas W. Sears to Eliza Alger.

At Lynn, Daniel Tucker to Sarah Ann Rich; Albert M. M. Woodbury to Lucy L. Washburn.

At Salem, John Bunker to Serena Sweetser.

At Medfield, Israel Trask to Elizabeth Preston.

At Lowell, Joseph Hatch to Philenia G. Blunt, both of Boston.

At Baltimore, A. Richardson to Mrs Elizabeth Chapman, late of the Park Theatre.

## DEATHS.

In this city, Jacob S. Amee, 22; Lawrence Kelley, 55

At Charlestown, Joseph Tufts Esq. 82.

At Lynn, Mrs Harriet P. Vickery, 22.

At Salem, Mrs Sarah Rogers; Mrs Elizabeth Pierce, 82; Capt Andrew Hasradon, 66; Emily Darby, 16.

At Beverly, Hon. Wm Thorndike, late President of the Senate of Massachusetts, and President of the National Insurance Company of this city.

At Sterling, Rev Hosea Hildreth, Corresponding Secretary of the Massachusetts Temperance Society.

At Milford, N. H., John W. A. Smith, formerly a Lieutenant of Artillery in the service of the U. States.

In New York, on Tuesday, Willoughby Lynde, aged 26, one of the Editors and proprietors of the N. Y. Transcript.

At Cincinnati, of consumption, the wife of Rev Dr Beecher.


BLANK BOOKS AND STATIONARY.

CONSTANTLY for sale, by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington-street, a complete assortment of Blank Day Books—Ledgers—Journals—Memorandum Books—Cash Books—Manuscripts—Memorandum Books—Note and Receipt Books—Writing Books, &c. &c.

Blank Books manufactured to order, after any pattern required.

Stationery of all kinds—Cap, Letter, Pot, Folio, Foot and other Paper—Quills—Stamps—Wafers—Ink—Drawing Paper—Music Paper—Drawing Pencils, &c. &c.

Blank Bonds—Bills of Lading—Leases—Bills of Exchange—Drafts—Warrantee Deeds—Mortgage Deeds, &c. &c.

☞ Warranted on as good terms as can be purchased in the city. 1m july 18.

MANTEL GRATES.

THE Subscribers have just completed and have for sale, some very neat and handsome Cast Iron MANTEL GRATES, which are offered for sale at very low prices.

Also, a good assortment of Russia Sheet Iron and small chamber Grates and Stoves of all descriptions.—Purchasers are requested to call and examine their assortment before purchasing.

LEAVITT & BATES,
july 18 1m 16 Union-street.

NEW BOOKS.

COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS—in three volumes.

PAYNE'S ELEMENTS of Moral and Moral Science, designed to exhibit the original constitution of the mind, and the rules by which the methods of any other system, or feelings should be judged.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18

THE FIRST EXHIBITION AT THE AMERICAN GALLERY, SUMMER ST. PART.

OPENED on Wednesday, June 17th, at 7 o'clock with a full show of 150 paintings, most of which are the work of American Artists; and have not been exhibited in this city.

Admission 25 cents—Season Tickets 50 cents. Catalogue 12½ cents.

H. C. PRATT.

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION OF THE CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW! THE AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER—THE AUTOMATON TRUMPETER—ROPE DANCERS—BELLOMUNI, &c. &c.

At CONCERT HALL, this evening, commencing at 8 o'clock precisely.

Admission 50 cents. Children half price. July 4

BOSTON AND LOWELL RAIL ROAD.

THE Cars will continue to run, till further notice, as follows, viz.—

Leave Lowell at 6 A. M. and 2 1-2 P. M.

Leave Boston at 9 A. M. and 5 1-2 P. M.

No baggage can be taken except what belongs to passengers. Allowance to each person 40 lbs.

As soon as further cars can be provided, notice will be given for the transportation of merchandise.

Tickets may be had at the Depot, corner of Leverett and Brighton streets. Price One Dollar each.

GEO. M. DEXTER, Agent.

June 27.

RESTORATEUR.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has taken Collier No. 7, Commercial-st. for the purpose of furnishing best Dinners in every variety that can be found in the best respectable establishments in the city.

The subscriber would have no pains in making it every way a desirable place for those who may favor him with their patronage. ORRA GOSS.

july 4 tf

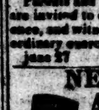
EDUCATION OF BOYS.

THE School of the subscriber has lately been removed from No. 26 Hancock street, to a room in the 2d story of the building directly in front of Harding's Gallery, School street.

Parents and others interested in the education of boys are invited to call whenever it may suit their convenience, and witness the accommodations, the conduct and ordinary exercises of his pupils. H. W. CARTER.

June 27 3t

NEW HAT STORE.



ANSON DEXTER, (late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill) has for sale at his Store, No. 27 Court street, (opposite the New Court House) an entire NEW STOCK of the most fashionable New York and Boston made HATS, CAPS, GLOVES and UMBRELLAS. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.

N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. may 9

NANKIN AND CANTON STRAW CARPETING.

ELIAS STONE BREWER, No. 414, Washington-street, has constantly on hand a large assortment of Straw Carpeting of various qualities and widths, among which are—

2500 yards Superfine Nankin, 6-4
300 do do do do 5-4
3500 do Canton do 6-4
4000 do do do 5-4
1 case German Table Matts, a new and superfine article. 4mis march 28

FOR THE DEAF.

THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.

They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.

For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 82. Water st.

may 16 1stf

NEW JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT,

LAWRENCE WALKER'S, No. 68, Washington-st. Joy's Building—

Where may be found a great variety of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES of every description, and the latest style of FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS.

☞ The above stock is of recent selections, consequently of the newest and most fashionable patterns, and will be sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere.

april 18 1m

WIGHT'S LASTS & BOOT-TREES.

THE Subscriber informs the public, that he manufactures and has for sale, *LASTS AND BOOT-TREES*, of the best patterns, at No. 30, Fulton-street, (at the sign of the GOLDEN LAST.) All his Lasts and Boot Trees will be manufactured in the best style, and second stock, under the superintendence of his father CHARLES WIGHT—the patronage of whose former friends is and customers is respectfully solicited.

may 30 ADAMS WIGHT.

BALANCE MANUFACTORY.

PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 8 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.

N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 3m may 2

SIX MONTHS IN A HOUSE OF CORRECTION,

OR, the Narrative of Derek Mahony, who was under the influence of the Temperance short a year, and a member of the House of Correction, in Leverett-street, Boston, nearly six months in the year 1834.—With some preliminary suggestions by the committee of publication. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 4

GLASS DOOR PLATES,

DOOR KNOBS, BELL PULLS AND NUMBERS—MANUFACTURED and Warranted by the New England Glass Company—the most durable and convenient articles for outside and inside doors.—Experiment of various kinds constantly on hand and may be seen at their Warehouse, No 140 Washington street, Boston. 6m nov 1

SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO.

TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.

No. 3, Water st. (2 doors from Washington st.) Boston.

KEEP for sale all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.

☞ A large discount made for cash. april 4

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF CLOTH WAREHOUSE.

NO 82 WATER STREET—MERCHANTS' HALL, BOSTON.

THE Proprietors of the Boston and Lynn INDIA RUBBER FACTORY, are now ready to contract and furnish any quantity of the Central India Rubber Cotton Cloth, of a superior quality, adapted to many useful purposes. Such as Carriage, Gig and Wagon Tops, Side Curtains and Boots, being more flexible and durable than any painted Canvass; Covering for Gun Powder Casks, Hot and Cold Bases, Baggage Covering for Stage Coaches, Hydrostatic Beds, Sick Bed Sheets, Steamer Bags for Hot Water, Injection Bags, Air Beds, Pillows and Cushions, &c. &c.

*MANUFACTURED ARTICLES*

Kept constantly for sale; Outside Coats; Pantaloons; Caps with Capes; Large Circular Spanish Capes; Swimming Belts; Life Preservers; Air Cushions; Hot Water Cushions for the stomach or feet; Improved Pantaloon Straps.

Garments from the *INDIA RUBBER CLOTH* are made up without sewing, which prevents all needle holes and have been proved by Pilots and seafaring men to be impervious to Air, or Water; always dry and ready to put on.

There will be a constant supply of these Goods from the Factory, of a quality unexpressed by none.

Orders executed for any article manufactured from India Rubber Cloth.

Samples can be examined as above.

☞ Address C. G. NICHOLS & CO.

may 2 tf

BOOTS AND SHOES,

FOR CASH,

AT VERY LOW PRICES,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY

THOMAS G. WARNE,

No 108 Washington Street.

☞ *BILLS* for Advertisements appear upon the inside of the Gallery. The subscriber should mark the number of insertions he desires; otherwise his advertisement will be continued till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

BIBLES.

SCOTT'S family Bibles; Common Family Bibles, in rich bindings; Comprehensive Bible; Polyglott Bible and Testaments to match. And a great variety of editions in elegant and strong bindings, for sale at the Bookstore, two doors East of the Hotel. april 4

PRINTING.

THE Subscriber would respectfully remind his friends and the public that he continues to execute orders for *PRINTING* of every description, with neatness and despatch. J. R. NEWHALL.

Lynn, April 4, 1835. 2d door East of the Hotel.

JUST RECEIVED,

BY J. R. NEWHALL, 1st and 2nd doors east Lynn Hotel, a new assortment of articles in the book, stationery and fancy goods line, among which are a prime lot of Rogers' Pocket Knives, Silver Pencil Cases, Metal Pens, Quills, Paper, Cards, Ink Stands, Writing Books, &c.

Lynn, Feb 14

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

THE subscribers have just received and offer for sale, at their Clothing Emporium, Market Street, an extensive assortment of the manufacture of every shade and color; Cassimeres of fashionable stripes and plain; Cambletts, goat's hair and imitation; Vestings, Flannels, Suspenders, Gloves, Dickeys, Bosom-pieces, and every article in their line.

Also, a fresh supply of Rogers' Imperial Knives.

ROPER & LAMSON.

R. & L. feel grateful for the very liberal patronage they have received, and trust to merit a continuance of the same, by manufacturing Gentlemen's Garments from a medium to the extremity of fashion, and in workmanship superior to none. Lynn, sept 20.

LANDS IN ROXBURY,

FOR SALE—House and Garden Lots, on very liberal terms; they are situated near the Rev. Mr. Putnam's meeting house, and known by the name of the 'Potter Purchase.' Between twenty and thirty acres have been laid out into lots of from 3000 to 20,000 feet, suitable for buildings of any class, and overgrowed by some in the vicinity of Boston, for beauty of prospect, healthful air, excellence of water, and every convenience in relation to churches, schools, markets, hourly coaches, &c. &c. The roads are laying out, one of which fronts on from Dedham turnpike to Centre street, and presents a great variety of pleasing positions. Any persons wishing to select Cottage and Garden Lots, at reasonable prices, will have an opportunity to do so any time previous to the 6th of June, when those not taken up will be sold at auction. For particulars and terms, to suit, apply to either of the subscribers.

JONA. DORR,
ALVAH KITTRIDGE,
NATH'L DORR,
PETER WAINWRIGHT.

may 30

*Compound Syrup ICELAND MOSS.*

FOR the cure of Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and Consumption.

ICELAND MOSS grows plentifully in the Island of Iceland, from whence it takes its name, and in all the high northern latitudes of Europe and Asia, where its Medicinal qualities have been long known and highly appreciated. This plant contains a larger proportion of VEGETABLE MUCILAGE than any other known substance; and in combination with it is a bitter principle, which acts most beneficially in giving strength in cases of great weakness and debility of the lungs.

The knowledge of many of our most valuable medicines, for the cure of diseases, has been obtained from observing their effect on brute animals—so is this most invaluable Moss. Its virtues were discovered by their effects on a HARDY, LONG-LIVED and sagacious REIN-DEER, which derives its principal nourishment from the Iceland Moss, and whose milk becomes so highly imbued with its Balsamic virtues, that it is used with the greatest confidence as a sovereign remedy, by the inhabitants of all those countries, for the cure of all diseases of the Breast and Lungs.

In France, this compound has long been known and extensively used; and to its salutary effects, as much as to the salubrity of the climate, is probably owing the very small number of fatal cases of consumption in that country, compared with Great Britain and the United States. This Syrup contains all the medicinal virtues of the Moss, in the most concentrated form, and is prepared from the original recipe from Paris, only by

E. HUTCHINGS & CO., Baltimore.

And none is genuine unless it has their fac-simile upon each bill of direction—also upon the envelope, and sealed with their seal.

The above article may be obtained of PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover-street. june 20

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,

*INDIGESTION, &c. &c.*

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians in Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, emanating from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and their good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century. A long list of certificates were originally appended, but from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted.—The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.

Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite, Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and all impurities of the blood.

*Different kinds of Trusses.*

Salmon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. Plain and Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English imported Truss, patronized and approved by one of our first physicians.—Common English do. Huff's do. Stone's do. Shaker's do. French do. India rubber pad, made at Philadelphia. Marsh's N. Y. do. Improvement on Huff's. Umbilical do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for double ruptures. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.

Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches, (large) 12,1-2 cts box, $1 per doz.

Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Mills and Bath streets. 6m april 25

BURNS AND SCALDS

A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, (Nosocomial) Bites, Indolent Bronchi, Whitlows, Abscesses, Carbuncles, Gangrene, &c. &c. &c. Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains: Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds: every grade of Gunshot Wounds, it is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or mortification, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abscesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief: Local Syphillitic Inflammation it cures to perfection, and prevents suppuration in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever, when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than any be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 125 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally.—Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. Hall, Keene, (N. H.) E. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. R. Wadsworth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass.) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 13

MRS. GRISWOLD'S SUPERIOR OINTMENT.

MRS. E. GRISWOLD respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she continues to keep for sale a constant supply of her SUPERIOR OINTMENT, which can be had of Mr. HENRY WELSH, (whom she has appointed sole agent to sell the same,) at his Store, No. 235, Washington street, three doors south of the Marlboro' Hotel. This invaluable Ointment is prepared only by herself;—it is purely a vegetable preparation—warranted free from all poisonous ingredients; and well known to thousands who have used it, for its safety and efficacy in curing Rheumatism, Broken Sprains, Burns and Scalds, sore and swelled Breasts and the various humors incident to the human system.

☞ Mrs. G. returns her sincere thanks to her former customers, for the liberal patronage and notice and assistance of their friends; but, to prevent counterfeits, which have been imposed upon the public, all who wish to obtain the genuine article are hereby informed, that it can only be had of her at 202 Washington street, or of her agents, as above directed.

april 4 3m

FANCY PRINTING,

CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, BLANKS, STORE AND SHOP BILLS,

PROMPTLY EXECUTED

IN THE NEATEST STYLE AT THE

GALAXY OFFICE,

No 30 Cornhill Street, Boston.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

SAMUEL C. BISHOP respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has taken Store No. 172 Washington street, (formerly occupied by Cushman, Blossett & Co.) where he intends keeping a prime assortment of Ladies and Gents Shoes, of all descriptions; and will also manufacture to measure, under Shoes, of the best workmanship and style. He hopes by strict personal attention to the business to gain a share of public patronage, and particularly of the customers of the old stand. june 20

MAN'S GREATEST AND —BEST EARTHLY TREASURE— HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED.

SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS, are now offered to the benefit of the public, by the Author, under the patronage, that the confidence of most efficacy and healthy and the testimonies and testimony respecting his own reputation and character, will secure for them public confidence. They have been the result of much research and experiment, sustained by unusual suffering, from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 20 years. During a considerable part of this period, it has been the main object of anxious solicitude, to discover some preparation of medicine better calculated to relieve that of my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. And after many experiments in Materia Medica; and among the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded in preparing a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable, which does in an exhibited degree, answer that important and desirable object. Their effect is to excite and restore a natural peristaltic action in the stomach and intestines, and to produce a discharge from them of all the crudities and bilious matter which they contain; and also to the more bilious constitutions, and products and excite the natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are particularly efficacious in cleansing all diseases originating from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels, such as indigestion, Costiveness, Bilious Cholic, Nervous and Sick Headaches, Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, Jaundice, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Rheumatism, Gout, and General Debility. These pills have been thoroughly and abundantly tested by my own experiment and that of many others. They have with perfect safety, been taken by both sexes, of all ages, in all states of health, and they are peculiarly adapted to the use of instructors; and they are peculiarly adapted to the use of instructors; in allaying fevers and cleansing the system and children, after a perfect trial of their efficacy will satisfy them of their extreme efficacy. In regard to my reputation and character, I have permission to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk and the Rev. Dr Spring, of New York; and I would also present the two following certificates from the Hon John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, of Ballston Spa, whose characters are well known to the public.

"I certify that I have been well acquainted with William Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, for more than thirty years. He has through life maintained a fair reputation. His character for truth and general integrity stands high. Indeed I have never heard it impeached.

JOHN W. TAYLOR.

Ballston Spa, Oct. 6th, 1834."

"I have known Mr William Sears for more than thirty years, having resided most of that time in the same town with him, and during that period he has sustained a character without reproach. S. YOUNG.

Oct. 8, 1834."

Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock, editor of the Ballston Spa Gazette:—"For several years past Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of acidity of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For several months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public.

JAS. COMSTOCK."

Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of the Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county:—"For many years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of a liver complaint, which have frequently been attended with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me. About three months since I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me, and rendered unnecessary the use of any other medicine. I do highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint.

ANN POWEL.

Milton, Oct. 3, 1834."

For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.

april 18 1y

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The unexampled success of this' Juvenile Work, which has now been before the public two years, and circulates in every state of the Union, has encouraged the publisher to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious parents and teachers could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of youth. Whatever can be devised to improve the style and beauty of the work, and more especially to make it useful, shall be constantly introduced. *Juvenile Minstrel* is introduced and will, it is believed, be to parents and teachers, one of the highest possible commendations. The pieces are supplied by Prof. Mason & Webb, of the Boston Academy of Music. To those who are desirous of examining the work, a specimen number will be furnished *gratis*.

The publisher has much pleasure in being able to give the following names of the principal Teachers, Professors and Clergymen in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York, Hartford and Boston, among those who have given their signatures to "the full approbation of the work, as well calculated under the present arrangements to be useful and worthy of extensive patronage."

BALTIMORE:

John Prentiss, Prin. Acad. Dep. University, Md.
Francis Wa

## MISCELLANY.

From the Cincinnati Mirror.
### GAINING A NAME.

'What shall I do to gain a name?'
Hear Adam's race with one accord exclaim;
This is the cry from president to clown,
'What shall I do to gain myself renown?'
Whate'er the different courses men pursue,
This, the grand object, still is kept in view.
'What! be forgotten—when this busy head,
At length must slumber with the silent dead?
Oh no; for *something*, be it good or ill,
Mankind shall worship, fear, and love me still.'
'I'll write a 'book,' young Sentiment he cries;
'Tis true, they never thought me extra wise,
But *I*, *I* know my mighty powers of mind,
I'll give them shape, and free, and unconfin'd,
They shall go forth, that all the world may see,
What lofty thoughts and feelings come from me.'
Poor Sentiment; he labors very hard,
And meets but *scorn*—a most unjust reward.

'I scorn the world,' cries Miss Prudentia Prim,
With visage long—with aspect sour and grim,
'I will not share its pleasures,'—here a sigh
Of discontent, just tells the *reason why*.
'I hate the noise, the vanity, the show,
The pomp, parade, and bustle here below;
I may not live here long,—I'll raise my eyes,
With all Job's patience, to my native skies.
See yonder boys and girls, they laugh and talk—
They need not hope that *I* will join their walk,
I never smile; and no one ever can
Accuse Miss Prim, of walking with a man.
I go to church, the best of books I read,
The world must think me quite devout indeed:
Not that I mind the world's opinion—no—
But then they cannot help but think me so.'
Ah, poor Miss Prim!—sad victim of neglect,
You're losing fast all friendship and respect.

'I'll be a woman-hater,' cries a third,
With all his mighty spirit inly stirr'd
With dreams of coming greatness; 'I will show
Myself the most determin'd, open foe
Of these vile creatures, silly, proud, and vain!
Few words of courtesy shall they obtain
From Simon Sharp—I'll let the creatures see,
That all their arts have no effect on me.'
What hapless woman this?—Who dares intrude
On Simon Sharp in his ascetic mood?
'Tis smiling Emma, full of sportive grace,
With gay good humor beaming from her face.
'Dear Mister Sharp! why, what a dreadful stare!
It almost chills me; what a solemn air!
Say, shall I sing a song? or will you please
To hear me read? Come, speak, before I freeze!'
Poor Simon thinks of fame, and vainly tries
To summon strength, but cheerful Emma's eyes
Have reached his heart, and he is doom'd for life,
To be tormented with that plague—a wife!

'Oh, heaven-born music! none but *I* can tell,
How thy soft power can every care dispel;
Oh, music! music! how do folks rejoice,
When in soft strains, I raise my thrilling voice
Of melody; I really cannot see
Why such a voice was ever given me:
In every circle, foremost must I shine,
I make no doubt they think me half divine
But then how often is my patience tried
When others sing—I really can't abide
These common airs! and, mercy! *I* disdain
To sing with common folks,' cries screaming Jane.
Melodious girl! we only wish your ear
Could hear your notes, as other people hear.

'I'll be an Exquisite,' cries Billy Spruce—
'Of farmers, masons, blacksmiths, what's the use?
Of fashion's votaries I will be the pride
With cane in hand and hat just tipt aside,
I'll walk the streets with ready smile and bow,
While all, my claims to elegance allow.'
Oh! Mr. Spruce—we would not give offence,
Excuse us, sir, but—*we suspect your sense!*

But why descant I on the many ways
Which mortals take, to gain the breath of praise?
Miss Ann would shine a belle—while lazy Lee,
Boasts his *descent* from a high pedigree.
Miss Sensitive will weep at tales of woe,
While Mr. Puff would have his townsmen know
And honor him—the patron of the poor—
Be it but *public*, his donation's sure;
Oh, mortals! mortals! when will you be wise?
Be what you are, and scorn this base disguise!
Seek you a name? be generous, good, and great;
*Be truly so*, and then, whate'er your state,
A peace within shall every care beguile,
And gild your pathway with a constant smile.

—H.

Columbus, Ohio.

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EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING. The following account of a scientific examination of the several buildings of this vicinity, injured by lightning, during the storm of the 13th ult, is from the pen of a practical electrician, well known in this community, who has been eminently successful in his researches, and who seems at length to have perfected the application of metalic rods to the protection of dwellings from damage by lightning. It is certainly very remarkable, as mentioned below, that of four buildings struck, three should have been furnished with the round rod so common in most parts of the country.—*Transcript.*

By request of a number of scientific gentlemen, I proceeded in company with one of them to examine the buildings struck by lightning in this vicinity, on the afternoon of Saturday, June 13. The first was the dwelling house of Professor Palfrey, at Cambridge. The Professor politely accompanied us and gave all the information required. This building had a round lightning rod, with points at the top, but blunt in the ground. It was affixed to the back part of the building. In this examination, I was satisfied that the discharge of lightning, was horizontal from one cloud to another, taking the earth in its course. Passing over the points of the rod, it was attracted by them, passed down the rod to the upper part of the lower story; here it left, and struck into the building, passing through various parts and rooms by the bell wires, which were melted and otherwise destroyed. It left the house by the front door. In one remarkable instance, the lightning passed by the side of a door on the bell wire, which it melted, spreading the oxide of the wire on the plastering in its passage.

From this building we proceeded to Brighton, and examined the meeting house of the Rev Mr Austin.—Here I was again satisfied that the discharge of lightning was horizontal; being received on the points of the round rod, it passed down the rod to the side of the building opposite the stove funnel, when it struck into the building, taking the stove funnel in its course, and passed down on one of the supporting pillars of the gallery, and off to the ground on one of the beams that supported the floor.

Some days after, I visited the meeting house near the bridge in Braintree, which was struck by lightning during the same storm. This house had also a round rod, pointed at the top and blunt in the ground. Such rods afford but an imperfect protection. In this instance, the earth about the conductor, was considerably disturbed. About ten feet from the ground, near the rod, there was a perforation in the side of the building, where the lightning had passed under the stairway that leads to the gallery, and through the partition to an iron brace that supported the stove funnel. It then appears to have passed on the funnel to another brace, that was secured to one of the pillars, on which it descended, shattering it to pieces. The pillar opposite was also a little damaged; and other trifling injuries appeared about the building.

I have also examined a dwelling house at Brookline, that was considerably damaged by lightning at the same time. This house had no conductor. The lightning struck a large tree in front of it, which is evidently left and descended on the building.

During this thunder storm, we have three instances out of four, where houses having round conductors were struck by lightning, and where, it is evident, the rods afforded but little or no protection. This cause to me is very plain. In the first place, the number of rods is not sufficient. Secondly, they do not present in all directions a sufficient attracting power; and thirdly, they are in most cases put upon buildings by persons who are not familiar with the science of Electricity and the operation of lightning; and who of course are liable to leave them faulty in many very essential particulars.

During the thunder storms, there are three different discharges of lightning; from the earth to the clouds, from the clouds to the earth, and through the atmosphere from one cloud to another. These latter discharges are more frequent than any other, and often take the earth in their course, and were by the philosophers of the last century, called rebounding strokes of lightning. To meet these various discharges of lightning, we must have conductors armed at all parts; that is, they should present in all directions, an attracting influence, by which the electric fluid may be discharged gradually and silently, without an explosion. The explosion prevented, all harm is prevented. This attracting, or receiving power, as it is more properly termed, depends on the points; hence, the greater the number of points and their sharp and bright surface, the greater the protecting power. Conductors should not only be armed with these numerous points, and should be joined in the ground, but they should be placed upon the most exposed parts of the building. This requires the judgment of a person acquainted with the operations of lightning, and the nature of different substances to conduct it. I would recommend that such rods be placed on our buildings, under the direction of an experienced electrician, and there will be no more fear of lightning's leaving the rod and striking into the building.

Certain trifling things have been considered necessary for lightning conductors; such as silvering the points, pieces of glass to prevent the lightning from entering the building, and surrounding the lower extremity of the rod with charcoal. These are of no use whatever. That round rods, with their silver points, their glass fastenings, and the lower end surrounded with charcoal, do not afford sufficient protection, is evident from the fact that a great proportion of the houses struck by lightning, are houses professedly protected by such rods. That the square rod, with the numerous points and sharp corners, does most effectually protect that building, may be easily proved by experiments with an electrical machine, to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced person. Another consideration of some importance in favor of these rods, is the fact that, of more than two thousand houses thus protected, I have never known an instance where the building was in the least injured. These rods discharge the electric fluid without an explosion, and consequently without harm.

A PRACTICAL ELECTRICIAN.

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SOUTHERNISMS. The following is from the pen R. B. Thatcher, Esq. Correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser:—

*Heap* is a most prolific word in the Carolinas and Georgia, among the common people and with children, at least, 'in the best regular families,' who will catch such things, of course as they will catch the —. 'How do you like Mr. Smith? I asked. 'Oh! I like him a heap'—will be the answer, if affirmative, in five cases out of six. It is synonymous also with a majority, or a great many as 'we should have plenty of peaches, but a *heap of* 'em were killed by the frost.' It is synonymous even with *very*; 'I heard him preach *a heap* often.' 'Oh! I'am lazy, a heap and perhaps, 'my tooth aches a heap,' It often corresponds with the Downingville *sight*—'a terrible sight,' or 'like all nature. Mighty, smart and powerful, are the most common words corresponding to the yankee proper, terrible, and dreadful. The Yankees speak of 'a smart man,' and of a '*chance*' (opportunity) to do a thing; the Southerners speak of having had a 'smart chance of rain.' They say, 'a *spell* of rain, in parts of New England—meaning the same thing 'A right smart chance, is still better. Right answers to our proper, too as 'a proper smart man'—a Yankeeism, though not universal. Or perhaps it will be a powerful chance.—'What's the news up your way?' said I to a *Cracker* (a countryman), in the woods one day, 'Oh! nothing right good,' he replied, nor nothing *powerful* bad.' 'These are bad roads,' said I, 'middle bad—tolerable bad'—he resumed. These are Southern; we say middling good and tolerable good—not bad, *Very* I frequently hear synonymous with 'very much,' which I never heard before—' here is a handsome looking house.' 'Very so.' It answers rather to our *quite*, which I never heard once in the interior of these States.

*Truck* is a great word in some parts and is used for every thing, lie copper coin. A physician goes to town to buy his truck; & a planter has got in his truck before the rain. We use *stuff* sometimes in the same manner, pretty much., 'All sorts,' is a prevalent idiom of low life—a stage-driverism, but very common with the more informed.—A man that would be called a *curious* fellow Down East, perhaps, or a *slick* fellow more probably, would be called 'all sorts of a fellow' here, in the country. But it is otherwise applied, as the corresponding words are:—all sorts of a horse, or a road, is the same. The epithet meaning the opposite, in this dictionary, as applied to character is *trifling*, which is forcibly. We mean by a trifling fellow, merely a trivial fellow, a do-nothing good-natured enough sort of a man they mean a decidedly good-for-nothing and not trustworthy character. Down-Easters say: 'small potatoes or 'a poor shote'' A man 'of no account' is the same thing here. Yankees say 'a *devilish* fine fellow;' not so here; that word is excessively rank (as it ought to be), and is used *alone*, to mean what it should.

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TALLEYRAND. Whatever final judgement the world may pass upon his merits and character, he has a hold upon public curiosity as strong as almost any of his numerous great fellow-actors in the political drama of the last fifty years. The veil which he has hung round himself, and which has given him to common eyes much of the interest of a mystery, 'is being,' torn off by rude hands. He is not held up, as he formerly was by the English Tory press, as a monster in human shape—an exaggeration that, with the usual effect of exaggerations, did more than defeat itself—but in a vein of cold satire, learnt from his own mind, the hollowness and selfishness of his life are exposed. One of the best notices of him, giving a brief review of his career, is translated into a late French paper from a German one. He is introduced making his appearance fifty years ago, at Paris, as the young Bishop of Autun, and establishing a high reputation for talent, partly by his conversation, but chiefly by his silence, which was mistaken for modesty, and which he studied to render effective by a smile at once proud, spiritual and gracious—(*fier, fin et gracieux*)—a smile, says the writer, to which perhaps he owes a great part of his reputation, & which, in his late embassy to London, he still possessed in all its original delicacy. Of course none but a man of superior powers of mind could have made silence and a smile so effective.—Uncommonly intelligent men, who talk much, will necessarily say many common things along with their few uncommon ones. Talleyrand only let out the few uncommon ones. This is a secret for obtaining a reputation which may perhaps be turned to account.—*Balt. Amer.*

THE SEA. The breath of the sea was delicious, as we crossed the water in one of the steamboats constantly plying to and fro, and on the other side, as we rode toward the beach, it came greeting us delightfully from the wide waters—How happy I was to see the beautiful sea once more, to be once more galloping over the golden sands, to be once more wondering at and worshiping the grandeur and loveliness of this greatest of God's marvellous works. How I do love the sea! My very soul seems to gather energy, and life and light, from its power, its vastness, its bold, bright beauty, its fresh, invigorating airs, its glorious, triumphant, rushing sound.—The thin, thin rippling waves came like silver leaves spreading themselves over the glittering sand with just a little, sparkling, pearly edge, like the cream of a bright glass of champaign. Close along shore the water was of that pale, transparent green colour, that blends so delicately with the horizon, sometimes, at sunset; but out beyond, towards the great deep, it wore that serene and holiest blue that surrounds one in mid-ocean, when the earth is nearly as far below as the heaven seems high above us. For a short time my spirits seemed like uncaged birds; I rejoiced with all my might; I could have shouted aloud for delight; I galloped far along the sand, as close into the water's restless edge as my horse would bear to go. But the excitement died away, and then came vividly back the time when last I stood upon the sea-beach at Cramond, and lost myself in listening to that delicious sound of the chiming waters—I was many years younger then.—*Mrs. Butler's.*

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The following anecdote of Hogg, tells a monstrous story, with an honest simplicity that makes one laugh:—

'It's a good sign of a dog when its face grows like its master's. Its a proof he's aye glowerin' up to his master' een' to discover what he's thinking on; and then, without the word or waive o' command to be off to execute the will o' his silent thocht, whether it be to wear sheep or toe doun deer. Hector got sae like me, afore he dee'd, that I remembered when I was owre lazy to gang to the kirk, I used him to tak' my place in the pew, and the minister never kent the difference. Indeed he ance asked me, next day, what I thought o' the sermon; for he saw me wonderfully attentive among a rather sleepy congregation. Hector and me gie ane anither sic a look! and I was afeard Mr. Patton would hae observe but he was a simple primitive, unsuspectin' auld man; a very Nathaniel without guile; and he jealoused naething, tho' baith Hector and me was like to split; and the dog, after lauching in his sleeve for mair than a hunnerd yards, could stand it nae longer but was obliged to loup awa' owre a hedge into a potatoe field, pretending to hae scented partridges.'

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ENGLISH TASTE FOR CARICATURE PARODY, &c.—We know not how it happens, but the English have a greater leaning towards burlesque than most of their more lively continental neighbors. We do not allude to the serious satire, such as the *Dunciad*, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, &c., but to the light piquant squibs and caricature poems which are poured forth in such abundance, and for which there is a never-ceasing demand; such as this, for instance:

'The *Age* pays the following compliment to Mr. O'Connell, being a tolerably fair parody on Moore's 'Minstrel Boy:'

The Beggarman to Ireland's gone,
In the Corn Exchange you'll find him;
His cloak of guile he has buckled on;
And his beggar's box behind him.
'Poor beggar's land (said the mendicant)
Though all the world betray you,
With brazen brag and Tory cant
From beggary I'll [illegible] you.'

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### HINGHAM UMBRELLAS.

FOR SALE AT No. 82, WATER-STREET, (UP STAIRS,)

CANES 32, 30, and 28 in. extra superior English Gingham UMBRELLAS, stamped borders;
Canes 30 in. do do do do do Plain;
do 30 and 26 in. Black American do do;
do 30 in. Co English do do very superior;
do 30 and 32 in. BLUE SILK UMBRELLAS, French style;
do 28 in. Gingham UMBRELLAS, bone stick.
Also—Double Foundation MUSLINS, constantly on hand. 3m july 11

### REMOVAL.

S. COLMAN, (successor to Lilly, Wait & Co.) periodical and wholesale publisher, has removed from 121 Washington street, to Nos. 18 and 20, Cornhill, (same building with R. P. & C. Williams) where will be continued the publication of the People's, Penny, and Parley's Magazines, Young Man's Guide, &c.—Also, the general agency of Waldie's Library, Blackwood and Metropolitan Magazines, and Foreign Quarterly Review, Alexandrian Library, Duff Green's Jurist, Medical Register, as well as of the other principal periodical publications throughout the United States.
july 11

### A CARD TO THE LADIES.

THE Subscriber having dissolved partnership with Mr. Hills, Ladies' Shoe Maker, School street, begs leave to acquaint the Ladies of Boston and its vicinity, that he has again commenced business at No. 21 School street, a few doors above his former shop, where he respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and former customers. ROBERT KNOTT.
july 11

### B. F. FOSTER,

TEACHER of Penmanship and Book Keeping, 116, Washington street. Classes, morning, afternoon and evening. july 11

### J. BURRILL,
MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,
73
CORNHILL.
july 11 6w

### COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE Subscribers have formed a connection for the transaction of a General Commission Business, under the firm of BRUCE & RICHARDS, at 33 and 34, Commercial wharf.
Refer to Messrs.
ROB'T G. SHAW & Co. and
EDW. & WM. B. REYNOLDS.
BENJ. BRUCE,
JOSEPH L. RICHARDS.
july 4

IMPROVEMENT ON
### DENTAL SURGERY.

DR. B. T. PRESCOTT continues to perform all the necessary operations on the Teeth, both for their beauty and preservation.

Dr. P. having obtained the latest and highly approved method of inserting the mineral or *incorruptible* Teeth on gold plate, so recently introduced in Paris, feels assured that he cannot fail to give a general and acknowledged satisfaction to all who may favor him with their calls.

The subscriber has obtained the assistance of a gentleman who will devote himself exclusively to filling carious teeth with gold in the neatest manner, and prevent their further decay.

N. B.—A selection of assorted Tooth Brushes kept constantly for the accommodation of his patients. Also, the Florentine Dentrifrice, a beautiful article for whitening the teeth, and yielding fragrance to the breath.

Persons requiring operations on the teeth will please call and see specimens at Office, corner of Hanover and Portland streets. 3m july 4

### DRAWING MATERIALS.

JAMES W. BURDITT, Franklin Head, No. 27 Court street, has received by the ship Canton, and other arrivals from London, a variety of articles for Drawing, and among them are the following:

Dobbs & Co's refined black lead and chalk Pencils, of various degrees of hardness and shade: Drawing Paper, from the size of 15 by 20 to 31 by 52 inches; Ivories, for miniatures; sable and camels hair Pencils; Reeves' Water Colors; Crayons; steel and brass Port Crayons; Tracing Paper; earthen Slabs and Palette; China Saucers; black cases of Saucers; Bow Compasses and Bow Pens; steel Drawing Pens; ivory and box wood Scales; Swan Quills and large Goose Hair Pencils; India Ink Parallel Rules; London Board, &c. &c. june 6

### PRINTED MUSLINS AND

JACONETS, RICH PRINTS AND GINGHAMS, LINENS, SILKS and SHAWLS, a full assortment now open and for sale at low prices by E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179 Washington street. may 16

SIX MONTHS IN A
### HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

B. B. MUSSEY, No. 29, Cornhill, will publish on Wednesday next—Six Months in a House of Correction, or, the narrative of Dorah Mahony, who was under the influence of the Protestants about a year, and an inmate of the House of Correction in Leverett street, Boston, Mass. nearly six months in the year 18—, with some preliminary observations by the Committee of publication. 3tis june 27

LINEN SHIRT
### COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 100 doz extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars, | | | | | |
| 100 | do | do | Plain | do | do |
| 200 | do | Medium quality | do | do | |
| 150 | do | do | Stitched | do | do |
| 300 | do | Common do | Plain | do | do |

Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 24 dollars per dozen.

☞Merchant Tailors will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. march 16

THE ORIGINAL
### GOLDEN COMB.

A. S. JORDAN, No. 2, Milk-street, alters and repairs, Combs in the neatest manner and at the lowest prices. All work warranted. tf may 2

### STOCK FRAMES,

BINDING SKINS and BUCKLES, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st. june 6

### REAL MADRAS CRAVATS.

A FEW pieces of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. june 6

### TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON.

ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON. The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.
april 25 414, Washington-street.

### MOROCCO WORK.

FOR SALE at MARSH'S, No. 77, Washington-st. (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Port Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books, &c.
april 4

### FEATHERS, HAIR, &C.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. have on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic FEATHERS; South American HAIR; first rate FEATHER BEDS; HAIR MATTRESSES; CUSHIONS, &c. &c.—which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No. 18, Union street. istf may 9

### BUTLER'S
EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN APERIENT,

FOR the prevention and cure of Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, nervous headache, heart burn, habitual costiveness, giddiness, cutaneous diseases, &c. The surprising efficacy of this superior medicine has obtained for it the patronage of many eminent persons, whose high encomium, together with its extensive and increasing sale, fully proves its pre-eminence, and bids fair to render it the most peculiar remedy extant. To the dyspeptic, the sedentary, and studious, it will be found invaluable, from its promoting a proper action of the liver in the secretion of the bile, or corrects it when in a vitiated state. Obstructions of the stomach or bowels are gradually removed; it restores the appetite, and gives tone, strength, and energy to the system. Travellers and residents in warm climates, will find Butler's Magnesian Aperient a desirable article; it prevents any accumulation of bile, is portable, and the method of preparing an unusually convenient. Prepared by H. Butler, Cheapside, London.

Sold wholesale and retail by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, 46, Hanover street, sole agents for the city of of Boston. june 6

### PHRENOLOGY.

PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY.—A Manual of Phrenology, written in a plain and practical style, by Silas Jones, Practical Lecturer, will shortly be issued from the press of the subscriber. S. COLMAN,
may 2 Publisher for the Trade.

### MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Canisters and Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Ann streets, Boston.

N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.

Also, Coffee [illegible]

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### STEAM PACKET BANGOR,
CAPT. SAMUEL H. HOWES.

BOSTON, PORTLAND, and BANGOR. Fare from Boston to Portland, $3; from Portland to Bangor, $4, and found.

The elegant low pressure Steam Packet Bangor, Capt Samuel H. Howes, will leave Boston every Saturday at 5 P. M. for Portland and Bangor; arrives at Portland Sunday morning; leaves Portland same morning at 7 o'clock for Bangor; touching at Owlshead, Belfast, Bucksport and Frankfort, and arrives at Bangor same evening.

Returning, will leave Bangor for Portland and Boston, Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock; arrive at Portland same evening. Leave Portland for Boston every Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock.

For Portland, will leave Boston every Thursday, at 5 P. M.

From Portland for Boston, will leave every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

Freight will not be received on board after 4 P. M. on the days of sailing.

This splendid Steam Packet was built by Messrs Brown & Bell, of New York, of the very best materials for strength, equal to any in the United States. She is about 400 tons burthen, built expressly for a sea route.

Her engine was from the Manufactory of J. P. Allaire, of New York, and has proved to be equal to any in use in this country, by constant use the whole of last season and not requiring any repairs.

In the fitting up of this Packet no expenses have been spared to contribute to the comfort or safety of passengers. She is provided with two powerful forcing pumps and suction hose; also a Fire Engine to be kept on her deck, in case of Fire to operate on any part of the boat. Five large boats, a large number of India rubber and cork Mattresses, one of which will sustain four persons on the water.

She is rigged with fore and aft sails, in case of accident to the Engine, that can be managed as any other vessel.

Many improvements have been made during the winter, under the immediate inspection of Captain Howes. She has been on the Salem railway, and coppered. Her cabins have been lighted, several state rooms made on her main deck, and completely and thoroughly overhauled.

For passage, apply to ISAAC W. GOODRICH, No 58 Washington street, at which place a plan of the cabins may be seen, and berths secured, or on board, of the Captain, or to M. W. GREEN, Agent, Lewis's wharf.

☞Travellers may depend on the above arrangements being permanently made. tf march 28

STEAMER
### INDEPENDENCE.
*ARRANGEMENT FOR JULY.*

THE splendid and fast sailing Steam Packet INDEPENDENCE, Capt. Thos. Howes, will make her first passage to Portland and Bangor, on TUESDAY next.

The following is the arrangement for July—*One trip a week—through by day-light—*

Will leave Lewis's wharf for Portland, Tuesdays at 7 o'clock, A. M. and Portland for Bangor, Wednesdays at 7 o'clock, A. M.

Returning, will leave Bangor for Portland, Fridays at 7 A. M. and Portland for Boston, Saturdays at 7 A. M.

Fare from Boston to Portland, $3—from Portland to Bangor, $4 and found.

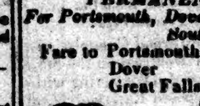
For further information, apply to I. W. GOODRICH, No. 58 Washington-street, to the Captain on board, or to M. W. GREEN, Agent.

☞No freight received on board within one hour of the time of sailing.

☞All freight and baggage at the risk of the owners thereof. july 11

### STEAMBOAT CITIZEN.
*PERMANENT ARRANGEMENT.*
*For Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Fare to Portsmouth | $2,00 |
| Dover | 2,25 |
| Great Falls and South Berwick | 2,25 |



STEAMBOAT CITIZEN, Capt. J. L. Clendennin, will leave the T-wharf, Boston, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, for Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

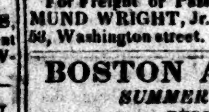
Stages will be in readiness at Portsmouth, to take passengers to the above places. Seats in the stages may be secured on board the Boat, and at the Dover Hotel.

Returning, will leave Portsmouth every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock.

Stages will leave the above places for Portsmouth, in time to meet the Boat. Arrangements have been made with a line of Packets, to carry Freight to and from Dover, each trip.

For Freight or Passage, apply on board, or to EDMUND WRIGHT, Jr. T-wharf, or I. W. GOODRICH, 58, Washington street. may 30

### BOSTON AND HINGHAM.
*SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.*
THREE TRIPS A-DAY.



THE Steamboat GEN'L LINCOLN, Capt Geo. Beal, will, on and after MONDAY the 8th of June, leave Hingham—6 1-2 o'clock A. M., 10 1-2 do do, 4 do P. M.—Foster's wharf, Boston—8 1-2 o'clock A. M., 12 1-2 do P. M., 6 do do. Fare 37 1-2 cents.

Carriages will be in readiness, on the arrival of the boat at Hingham, to convey passengers to any part of that and most of the neighboring towns.

Passengers by applying at the Captain's office can be conveyed to any part of the city for 12 1-2 cts.

For further particulars apply to the captain on board, to Albert Fearing & Co. No 1 City wharf, or the subscriber. DAVID WHITON, Agent.

Hingham, June 6, 1835. 3m

### WATCHES & JEWELRY.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, at No. 13 Court st. a fresh stock of Gold and Silver Lever, Anchor and Escapement, Lepine, and common English, French and German Watches; French and German Mantel Clocks; gold and silver Spectacles; Jewelry and Fancy Goods; at prices, at least as low as can be found in the city.

Personal and careful attention given to the repairing of the most delicate and complicated, and also the more common Watches; Clocks of every description repaired, and on application immediately attended to at any part of the city, by an experienced workman.
june 13 3m WM. H. KEITH.

### NEW YORK STYLE.

FINE PALM LEAF HATS.—*GEO. W. EDMANDS*, No. 40, Hanover st., under the American House, has just opened a large lot of Palm Leaf Hats, of a superior kind, trimmed, stiffened and shaped in the city of New York, of the latest style in that city, which he will sell by the dozen or single at the lowest prices. 3t june 13

### BROADCLOTHS.

*NEW AND FASHIONABLE BROADCLOTHS AND CASSIMERES; LADIES' CLOTHS; LAMAS; ERMINETTS; ANGOLAS; DRILLINGS; CAMLETS, JEANS, &c.*

*For sale at JOHN H. PRAY'S variety Cloth Store, No. 48 Washington street.*

THE above advertised, comprises one of the largest assortments of seasonable and *fashionable* Cloths and Cassimeres, of French, English, German and American manufacture, to be found in the city; and a great variety of Worsted, Silk, Linen and Cotton spring and summer Stuffs; together with fashionable Silk, Marseilles, Valentia and Velvet Vestings; Brown, Black & Bleached Linens; Brown and Bleached Cottons; Paddings; Canvas; Silk, Twist, Thread, Buttons, &c.

This Stock deserves an examination by purchasers who are invited to call, and are assured that prices shall average as low as can be named for the like articles, by any others in Boston. 3m may 2

### THE FAMILY BOOK,

OR, Instructions concerning all the relations of life. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON.

The Youth's Letter Writer. By Mrs John Farrar. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON.

Horse Shoe Robinson; a Tale of the Tory ascendancy. By the author of 'Swallow Barn.' In 2 vols. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. june 20

COPLAND'S
### MEDICAL DICTIONARY.

PART III, is announced in Bent's London Advertiser to be issued in the month of April, and will probably arrive in this country in season, to be ready for subscribers and others in July next. S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. june 20

### LADIES' RIDING CAPS,
HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.
287, *WASHINGTON STREET.*

DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.

He has the newest patterns for *LADIES' RIDING CAPS* and *CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS*, which will be made to order at the shortest notice.
may 30

### FRANCISCO B. CASAS,
INSTRUCTER OF THE
### SPANISH LANGUAGE,
AND OF
### DRAWING.

[illegible] Joy's Buildings, Room, No. [illegible]

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### DRY GOODS,
AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE Subscriber, intending leaving this part of the country for the South, about the first of August next, offers for sale the whole of his extensive Stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC GOODS, and Lease of the Store No. 414 Washington street, and the Stock will be sold at very reduced prices at retail, until closed.—Among which are the following varieties viz—

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Athenian Cassimere, Reuen Cassimere, Athenian Camlets, &c. &c.
4 bales of superior Welch, English and American Flannels. Some of them are very superior, and are warranted not to shrink in washing.
2 bales of Angola Flannel, an excellent article for summer wear.
1 bale Domet Flannel.
4 do col'd American do.
4 do col'd Demetts.
3 cases of superior English Cambric Dimoties.
1 do do Furniture Dimoty.
1 do col'd Pouit de Soie Silk, at 3s per yard, of an excellent quality.
Cases Irish Linens, of superior quality.
Cases of English and American Prints.
Cases and Bales of brown and bleached Cottons.
Cases of white Cambric and Cambric Muslins.
Cases of Bishop Lawns, from 20c to 3s 3d per yard.
1600 ps Nankin and Canton Straw Carpeting.
Cases of Taylor's Persian Spool Cotton, at 3s per dozen, or 5c per Spool, warranted of very superior quality. Cases of Spool Cotton, at 6d per dozen.
1 case of Open Work Cotton Hose, at 1s per pair.
Cases of 4-4 and 6-4 Bobbinet Laces, from 9d to 5s 3d per yard. 1 case Grecian do superior quality, at 2s per yd.
1 bale Russia Damask 6-4 and 8-4, a very durable article for Table Cloths.
2 cases India and English Silk Hdkfs.
2 do col'd Table Cloths, assorted sizes.
1 do col'd bordered cotton Hdkfs. imita. L. C. at 9d each. 1 do Linen Hdkfs.
4 do American Sewing Cotton.
5 bales Russia Crash.
3 cases Linen and Cotton Tapes.
1 case English Pins.
7 bales of Tickings, assorted qualities—and a great variety of other Goods, which will be sold in proportion.
ELIAB STONE BREWER,
may 30 No. 414 Washington street.

### TABLE D'HOTE
AT THE HOWARD STREET HOUSE.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that in addition to his Coffee Room he has fitted up a large Dining Hall, where he intends, for the Summer months, to keep an Ordinary for the accommodation of those gentlemen who may be pleased to extend to him their patronage. Dinner will be served at quarter past 2 o'clock precisely, and the table furnished with all the luxuries of the season. Wines of the very best quality, and of every description, can always be had.

The situation being one of the most airy and retired in the city, the subscriber has been induced to make the above arrangement, believing that gentlemen living in the vicinity, will find his establishment one of the most pleasant in warm weather. Gentlemen wishing to dine at any particular hour, can be accommodated at the Restaurateur. JAMES RYAN.
june 13 5w

### DRY GOODS.

THE Subscriber having just received his full assortment of
RICH SPRING GOODS,
from the late importations, is now prepared to offer to his friends and customers a very rich and extensive assortment, consisting in part of the following, viz—

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 case super rich col'd fig'd Silks, | 80 cts |
| 1 do do do do Poult de Soie, | 75 |
| 1 do do do do and blue blk do | 62 1-2 |
| 1 do do do do do do Gro de Naples, | 50 |
| 1 do do do do do do do | 42 |
| 1 do do fellow edge Gro de Swiss, | 75 |
| 1 do do do do do do | 70 |
| 1 do do white do do | 62 1-2 |
| 1 do do rich 4-4 pink French Prints, | 50 |
| 1 do do new style French Ginghams | 36 |
| 1 do do do do do London do | 25 |
| 1 do do do do do do Prints, | 25 |
| 3 cartoons super rich French Fancy Silk Hdkfs from | 25 cts to $1 |
| 3 do do do red Merino Shawls from | 3 50 to $16 |

Together with a great variety of Gloves, Hose, Corded Skirts, Fancy Hdkfs, Linens, Lawns, Cambrics, Muslins, Bishop Lawns, Corded Cambrics, Laces, Edgings, Insertings, Wos'd Blond, Cravats, Lace Veils, White Gauze Flannels, Diapers, Crash, Cottons, &c. &c.—all of which will be freely shown and offered at the above corresponding low prices by CALVIN HOSMER,
No. 73, Hanover, corner of Marshall-st. Boston.
april 4 6m

### FRENCH PRINTS, &C. &C.

E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179, Washington street, has just received a large assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, consisting in part of—French Prints, large and small figures, of best kind; Printed Lace Muslins, rich new style. A great variety of Silks, fig'd, plain and plaided, good styles; French Ginghams, fine, similar to the Plaided Silks; Sewing Silk, Shawls, and Fancy Hdkfs. of various kinds; Printed Silk Muslins, a new and beautiful article for evening dresses; Merino Shawls; Blonde Veils, Scarfs and Hdkfs; a few very splendid embroider'd Scarfs; Merino Bombazines; light colors French Merinos, for children's wear; large and small check'd, fig'd and stripe Cambrics; Jaconets; mull, book and Swiss Muslins; imitation Cambricks and Bishop Lawns; Linen Cambrics; linen and linen cambric Hdkfs; col'd Table Covers; linen Damask Cloths; birds-eye Diaper; stout Russia Damask; Linens, grass bleach, for family use, low by the piece; Long Lawns; French Centre Table Covers, very splendid; bleached Shirtings and Sheetings; a large assortment of fast color Calicoes; superfine, middling and low Broadcloths; Cassimeres, Satinets; Flannels, &c. &c.

These goods are of recent purchase, and will be sold as low as at any other store in the city. Purchasers are invited to look at the assortment. march 28

BLEACHED AND BROWN
### AMERICAN COTTONS.

ELIAB STONE BREWER, No 414 Washington St. offers for sale per piece or yard, 100 cases and bales of Bleached and Brown Cottons as follows—

Cases of Bleached 9-8 Cochero Sheetings,
do do Lawrence Superfine Shirtings,
do do Hamilton 9-8 Sheetings & Long Cloth,
do do Waltham Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Elliot do do

With a variety of low priced bleached Sheetings & Shirtings.

Bales of Brown Shirtings,
do do New Market Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Waltham do do

with a large assortment of low priced brown Sheetings and Shirtings.

Bleached and Brown Drillings.
Also—Bales of 6-8 and 4-4 Pengrove, Methuen Company Assampink and Sharon Tickings.
Sewing Cotton by the case or pound.

The above goods were brought before the rise of Cottons, and are offered very cheap. feb 14

### PORK, LARD, BACON, &C.

OHIO PORK, LARD and BACON.—Barrels Clear, Mess and Prime Pork,
Do Joles and Heads do,
Lard in barrels and kegs,
Hhds Hams and Shoulders Bacon,
Bbls Sausage Skins.

Also—Boston Clear Pork in bbls and half bbls—bbls Mess, No 1 and Prime Beef—half bbls Mess and Prime Mess do—half bbls Neats Tongues &c—in lots to suit purchasers—for sale by J. & H. FISHER, at Nos 74 & 76 Faneuil Hall Market. 1m june 6

### PARLEY'S ALMANAC

FOR 1836. In press, and will be published in due season by the subscriber. Retail price 20 cents. Terms to the Trade liberal, from whom orders are respectfully solicited. S. COLMAN,
Publisher for the Trade, old stand of Lilly Wait & Co.
may 2

### ACCORDIONS,
*WITH SEMITONES.*

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by
JOSEPH L. BATES,
march 21 6 Court street near Washington st.

### REAL ESTATE.

RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD INVESTMENT. The New England Glass Bottle Company offer for sale, all their Real Estate, situated in East Cambridge, consisting of about 25,000 square feet of land, with all the buildings thereon, viz—glass house 2 store-houses, pottery, 4 shops, stables, &c. A most eligible situation for the manufacture of Glass, or any heavy articles, being situated on tide water, and accessible by vessels of 150 or 200 tons burthen, with a canal running nearly the whole length of the premises. For the purpose of the concern, the above will be sold so as to make it a safe investment even for speculation. Inquire of RALPH SMITH, Agent for said Company, No. 118, State street, Boston. april 25

### CLOTHING.

200 DRESS COATS.
1200 pairs PANTS.
1000 VESTS.
170 SURTOUTS and OVERCOATS
60 JACKETS.

For sale by ISAAC OSGOOD, 31 Dock Square.
☞Where is for sale a prime assortment of first rate *CLOTHS, CASSIMERES* and *VESTINGS*. Garments made to order in best style. tf sept 20

### CIDER.

350 BBLS Refined Cider, a very superior article for bottling, for sale by
HOLBROOK & MOODY,
No. 218, Ann-street, corner of Sun Court st.

Also, for sale, a quantity of bottled Cider, as above.
☞Cider delivered in any part of the city free of expense. [illegible]

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### CARAGEEN, OR IRISH
MOSS.

4 CRATES of this much valued article, received from Ireland, and for sale by HENSHAW & [illegible] 28 GRANITE STORE, Commercial Wharf, in [illegible] suit purchasers. 6m

COCHRANE'S
### FOREIGN Q'T'LY REVIE[W]

THIS work will be added to the Republication of Blackwood and the Metropolitan [illegible] the three furnished to subscribers for $7 per year.

The ability which has acquired for the Foreign Quarterly Review its elevated character being [illegible] the new has determined us in the above selection.

Those who are subscribers to the Reprint [illegible] Quarterlies may now become subscribers to the [illegible] named works without thus obtaining duplicates [illegible]
S. COLMAN, Pub. Blackwood &c. for N. E.
june 20

SUPERIOR STYLE
### OF IRISH LINENS.

BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, [illegible] doors north of State street, has received a [illegible] ses of uncommonly heavy LINENS, weighing nearly [illegible] lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by [illegible] ry from the best long staple flax, and [illegible] He flatters himself they are superior to Linens [illegible] imported into this market.

Also—500 pieces soft dressed Linens, [illegible] from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine SHEETINGS.

The above Linens are put up to order and are [illegible] ed all pure linen.

NEW STOCK OF
### BOOTS AND SHOES.

A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found [illegible]

Also a general assortment of Shoe Stock.

For sale on reasonable terms at No 28, North [illegible] street by RUSSELL & [illegible]

N. B. Nowell's Blacking at wholesale [illegible]
feb 14 tf

### TO BE LET,

A BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, No 1, [illegible] street, having every convenience [illegible] family. Rent $250. Inquire of MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, No. 133, Washington street. tf

### WILLIAM ULMAN, AGENT,

BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND BOOK MANUFACTURER, and dealer in FANCY ARTICLES, 232, Washington street, a [illegible] of Summer-street, Boston.

WILLIAM ULMAN, having a BINDERY, will devote his attention to binding New and Old Books of every description, at the lowest prices.

Particular care given to binding Music, Libraries, Newspapers, Periodicals and Pamphlets. Portfolios made to order. Paper ruled to any pattern. Printing and Engraving neatly executed. Blank Books made to order, in the best style, at short notice.

Business and Visiting Cards executed in a [illegible] ner.

### NEW BOOKS.

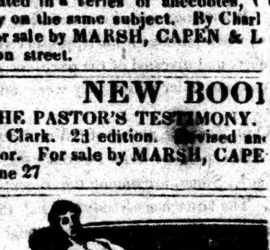
JENKYN ON THE ATONEMENT.—The atonement in its relation to [illegible] verse. By Thomas W. Jenkyn. With an Introduction by Rev. Daniel L. Carroll, Pastor of the [illegible] rian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Influence of Mothers on the character and destiny of individuals, families and [illegible] lustrated in a series of anecdotes, with an essay on the same subject. By Charles [illegible]

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, [illegible] ington street.

### NEW BOOK.

THE PASTOR'S TESTIMONY. By Rev. [illegible] Clark. 2d edition. Revised and corrected by the author. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON.
june 27



### LADIES' BATHS.

BRAMAN'S NEW BATHS are now open for the season. Ladies' Warm, Cold, Plunge and Shower Baths, fitted up in good style, in a [illegible] Female attendants at all hours.

☞Gentlemen's Swimming School [illegible] season, for those who wish to learn to swim.
june 20 ep4w

### BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS.

HOVEY & CO. Horticultural Seed Warehouse, and 81 Cornhill, have just received [illegible] Vanillia, from Rotterdam, a fine assortment of Bulbs; consisting of Tuberoses, Amaryllis, Gladiolus Natalensis, Tigridia Conchiflora, &c.
june 20

### WATER PROOF PREMIUM GOODS.

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition, constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 52 Water street, Boston.—Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—[illegible] Jackets—Sportsmen do—Pantaloons with [illegible]—Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—[illegible] static Sheets and *beds complete*—Bath [illegible] tubing—Injection do &c. *Air Beds*—Gas [illegible]—Gass Bags—with every variety of articles to air or water—at wholesale or retail by
nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS.

### COMBS! COMBS! COMBS!

A. S. JORDAN, sign of the *Original* [illegible] No. 2, Milk street, manufactures [illegible] a well selected assortment of Shell and [illegible] including those of the latest and most improved [illegible] Ladies are solicited to call and examine.

READY MADE.
### CUSTOM SHOES.

JOHN KIMBALL, 2d, keeps on hand and to make to order, Ladies', Misses' SHOES, of the first quality, manufactured on Lasts. The Lasts are systematically arranged. Last is divided into six of seven sizes of [illegible] to fit a narrow or full foot. Ladies in the [illegible] find it for their advantage to examine the [illegible] ders for shoes may be sent, with certainty [illegible] ting, after the size is once known.

The length and breadth of sole and height are expressed in this very simple way: (A [illegible]) or (C 3-4). The letter denotes the width, top figure length of sole—bottom figure, height or fullness of the shoe. When there is no [illegible] understood. No 198 Tremont [street]
july 4 tf 6 doors from [illegible]

### TO TEACHERS.

GREENLEAF'S National Arithmetic, upon the Analytic and Synthetic Methods, in which the principles of Arithmetic are explained and illustrated in a perspicuous and familiar manner; containing, also, systems of Mensuration, Gauging, Geometry, [illegible] ing, &c. and much practical information connected with Trade and Commerce, forming a complete Mercantile Arithmetic; designed for Schools and Academies. By Benjamin Greenleaf, A. M. Preceptor of Bradford [Academy].

The work will be comprised in about 300 pages duodecimo form, handsomely printed on good type, paper, and neatly and strongly bound.

The above work is in progress of printing, and will be published in August ensuing, by ROBERT S. DAVIS, and GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN, Publishers of School Books, Boston.

☞Orders respectfully solicited.

### MATTRESSES, FEATHERS,
BEDS, TICKING, &c.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. No. 18, Union street, have on hand for sale, a first rate assortment of Mattresses, Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. Orders for the supply of Public Houses, &c. executed with care and despatch.

J. G. F. & Co. have also on hand, a large lot of Curled Hair, Foreign and Domestic Feathers, which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms.
june 27

### LADIES FRENCH SHOES.

1 CASE *FRENCH SHOES*, 'Joly's' [illegible] (*a superior article*) containing Lace Morocco [illegible] ing Pumps; blk Morocco Kid and Satin Slippers [illegible] other colors.

Also, one case do do 'Este's' manufacture.

The above together with a good assortment of Misses' and Childrens' *SHOES* of every [illegible] are offered for sale on the best terms by WILLIAM F. HAY[ES] [illegible] Washing[ton street]
march 28 ep3m

### SUMMER STOCKS.

A beautiful article of silk bria[d] [illegible] Stocks [illegible] wear, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st.
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